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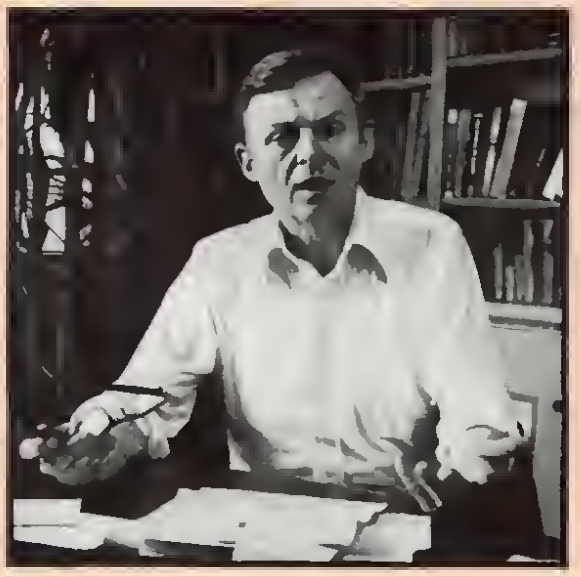
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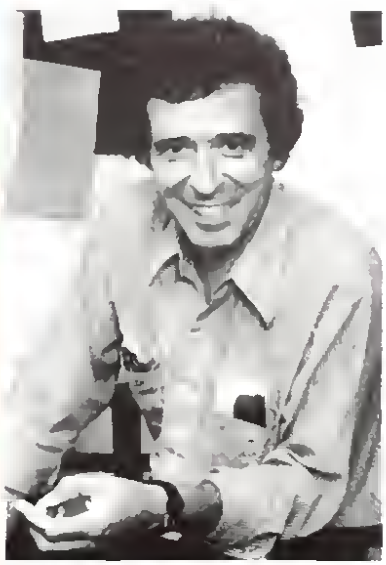
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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

In 1965, when he was a young LIFE photographer in Santo Domingo covering the Dominican uprising, Bill Eppridge came, literally, within an inch of his life. A bullet from a .50-caliber spotting rifle barely missed his head and tore a hole in the wall behind him. "It was a tracer round," says Eppridge. "I could feel the heat of the phosphorus when it went by me."



HAPPILY, EPPRIDGE LIVED TO TELL THE TALE

Eppridge was sent to the island after President Johnson had dispatched troops to protect American interests there. He and two LIFE reporters were assigned to cover the fighting from the rebels' side. It was a Sunday when the shot whizzed by. Eppridge was perched on a balcony of the rebel-held Customs House aiming his 500-mm. mirror lens across the Ozama River toward a gun emplacement near some grain elevators defended by American troops. Later he learned that the bullet with Eppridge written on it had been fired by members of a weapons squad of the U.S. Army's 82nd Airborne Division who were using a spotting rifle mounted on a 106-mm. recoilless rifle. The spotting rifle was for zeroing in, the 106 for obliteration.

This apparatus had been aimed at the Customs House balcony from which a rebel, nicknamed "One Shot Charlie," had been pestering the U.S. soldiers with rifle fire for days. The American squad had orders from its commander to "get" One Shot "the next time he moves." But Charlie took Sunday off, and the man moving on the balcony was none other than Eppridge.

That, dear readers, is called a war story. Traditionally, when two or more veterans get together, they tell war stories. A few weeks ago Eppridge was in Ayer, Mass. to photograph Joe Morris, the latest of Syracuse University's great running backs, and his three highly talented brothers for Doug Looney's profile that begins on page 36. Earl Morris, the patriarch of this extraordinary clan, is a retired U.S. Army staff sergeant. One afternoon, while Morris was driving Eppridge around Ayer and nearby Fort Devens, the two veterans got to telling war stories. It turned out both had been in Santo Domingo in May of 1965, Morris as a weapons squad leader in the 2nd platoon, Company A, 2nd Battalion, 325th Infantry, of the 82nd Airborne. Eppridge said he had been on the other side, camped out with the rebels.

From there, according to Eppridge, the conversation went like this.

"Where were you?"

"On the river."

"No kidding. I was at the Customs House. Some Americans were shooting at us from some grain elevators."

"No fooling! I was at the grain elevators."

"You tried to kill me!"

The tour of Ayer continued in a somewhat altered mood. "He didn't quite know whether to laugh or not," says Eppridge, laughing.

Philip D. Howlett

Sports Illustrated

WE'RE READY FOR THE SNAP!



Andy Hayt

The snap. From the center to the quarterback to SI's photographers... to you. They're there along the line of scrimmage. In the backfield, in the secondary, and in the huddle. Around the bench and all around the league. Wherever there's a football being kicked or carried, a quarterback getting crunched, a slant pattern, a safety blitz, or a neck-wrenching clothesline. Sports Illustrated photographers will be there. *To put you there.*



Tony Triolo

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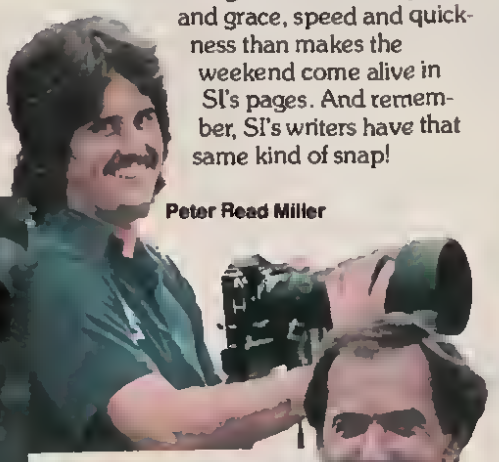
Manny Millan

So this football season, you'll see more Plunkett passes, more Swann leaps, more Oklahoma options, more Herschel hurdles, more of



Richard Mackson

the rough and tumble, style and grace, speed and quickness than makes the weekend come alive in SI's pages. And remember, SI's writers have that same kind of snap!



Peter Read Miller



John Iacono

Don't miss any of the '81 season. The Bear becoming college's winningest coach. The Payton/Campbell scramble for league rushing honors. Art Schlichter gunning for the Heisman. The Cowboys gunning for the Eagles. The Oilers for the Browns. Miami for Buffalo. LA for Atlanta. Catch Sims and Stallworth.



Heinz Kluetmeier

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Walter Iooss Jr.

Sports Illustrated



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BOOKTALK

by BOB OTTUM

A GUTSY HISTORY OF STOCK CARS AND THE MEN WHOSE LIFE IS RACING THEM

Kim Chapin has discovered the best way for an author to approach a book on stock-car racing: Simply ease the typewriter into gear and amble into the story. Do not rush. No literary double-clutching; just pull over and stop at this anecdote for a spell, maybe hang a left at the next one—and all the while let it flow in the warm, soft cadences that are the very beat of the sport.

There's not a hurried or a jagged line in *Fast as White Lightning* (The Dial Press, $12.95), and yet, after seemingly wandering all over the Southern U.S., at the end Chapin winds up with a full, well-rounded stock-car history.

That's right fine, as one of his characters might say, but what's really important is that one need not be an auto-racing nut to enjoy the book. Indeed, one of the perils in subtitling a volume like this "The Story of Stock Car Racing" is that maybe only the most rabid fans will buy it. They will surely enjoy the story, but it certainly deserves a wider audience than that.

Perhaps Dial should have produced a big-city edition, showing a seminaked lady on the jacket instead of stock cars in full cry, and called it *Fast as Love's Wild Lust* or something like that. Trick them if you must; just get the reader into the book.

There is nobody, race fan or not, who won't enjoy the saga of the late Tiny Lund, a giant of 6′ 5″ and 265 pounds, and a gentle man who could be pushed just so far. Among other earthy tales, Tiny tells of fighting the whole Petty family—now the respected kingpins of stock-car racing—after a Carolina dirt-track race. His car was battered by Lee Petty's all through the race, and Lund complained to Petty afterward. Petty threw a punch, and Lund got angry. "I commenced knocking the —— out of him . . ." Lund said, and then, "Here comes ol' Maurice; Maurice and Dale and Richard. All three of them were together, just like they are now. And ol' Maurice—goddamn. He hit me with a goddamn screwdriver—tried to jab me—and I got him down across his old man. And here comes Richard. He had a pop bottle and I got *him* down across 'em."

A pal named Speedy Thompson tried to help Lund, but "he'd been frog hunting and [had] shot a hole through his toe and he was on a cane and one of 'em hit him in the goddamned toe and he went hobbling off holding his foot." And then, "Something hit me in the back of the head and man, I seen butterflies and everything. It was ol' Liz Petty, Lee's wife. She had a pocketbook. I don't know what she had in it, but she was going *pow, pow, pow*, just wearing my damned head out. And this broke things up. I got up and said, 'I can't lick the whole goddamned Petty family.' To which Buck Baker came up and said, 'Goddamn if you wadn't doing a purty damned good job of it.' "

Forgive the language. Stock-car racers swear, sure, but they swear more or less gently, as a matter of speech rhythm and emphasis; they don't use the stark, hard-edged curses so popular in conversation and print today. Chapin puts it all down exactly the way he hears it, and the explicit language is important to the flow of the text.

Reading Chapin, you realize that stock-car racing is perhaps more than a major U.S. sport; it's theater, and a way of life distinctly unlike others. The late Fireball Roberts, a top-notch driver, pegged it clearly when he said, "There are fifty places you can finish in a race . . . and you'll hit all of them sooner or later. In this game, you don't win thirty-seven straight fights. It just doesn't happen that way. There are no unbeaten seasons in auto racing." Driver Bobby Allison says, "Boy, do I want to win. Not only do I want to win, I *don't* want to finish second. Second is great. Second pays a lot of money. But it's losing. First is winning, and second through last is losing." Exactly. For all of their whimsy and pretend-hayseed charm, stock-car racers are realistic.

The racing machinery gets more sophisticated, but the men live in a sort of old-fashioned world whose special raffishness stirs nostalgia. Chapin's book should be read the same way it seems to have been written—easy. One should amble through it, pausing to kick a tire now and then. END



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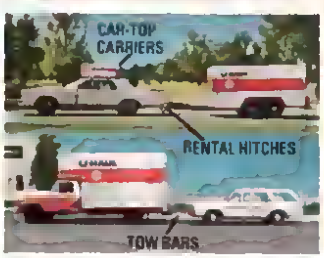
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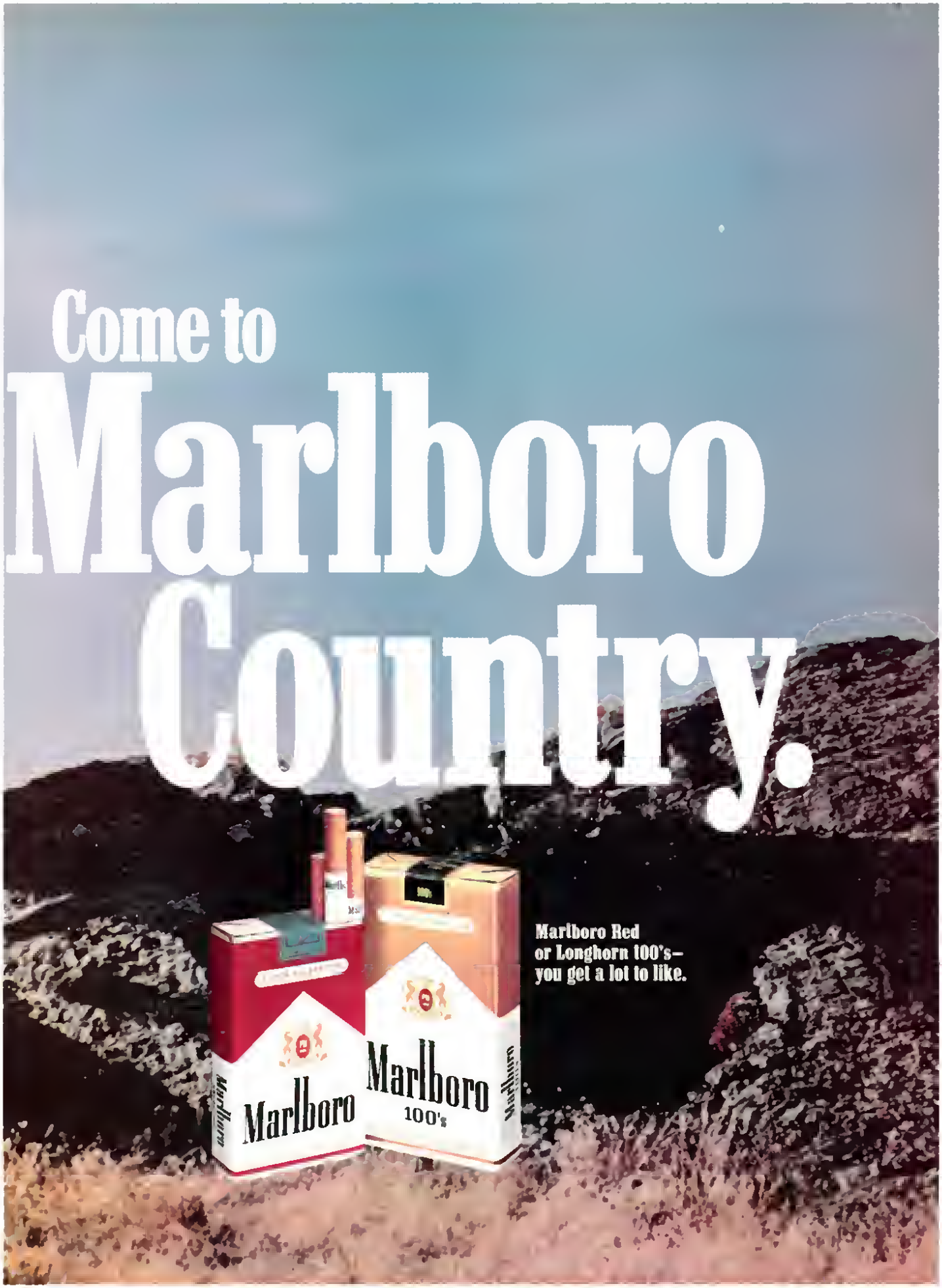
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SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

A QUESTION OF CONTROL

One of the most troubling legacies of the baseball strike is the lingering feeling that, during such a critical moment in major league history, the game's owners weren't in full control of their business. The owners left the handling of the dispute to chief negotiator Ray Grebey and other hired guns who badly underestimated the resolve of the Major League Baseball Players Association, found it only too easy to mislead the owners about the progress of the talks and displayed an appalling sense of public relations. Astonishingly, throughout the strike and to this very day, baseball's management has never publicly and officially explained why it was demanding greater compensation for the loss of free agents, which was the central issue in the dispute. The reason, of course, was the desire to put a lid on player salaries, but for legal and tactical reasons the owners, or at least their mouthpieces, chose not to say so. By not coming clean about their real motives, or indeed, suggesting any other convincing rationale, they left the impression that they were willing to incur a 50-day strike for reasons they couldn't even pinpoint.

A further sign that baseball's bosses don't have a firm grip on the game is the split-season format they devised once the strike ended. Instead of simply resuming the season, which would have been the wisest course, they chose to gimmick things up in hopes of hyping interest and generating extra playoff revenue. So they divided the season into two halves and decreed that divisional playoffs be held between the winners of each half. They further decided that if the same team wins both halves, it wouldn't receive a bye but would have to meet the team in its division with the second-best overall record in a glorious, revenue-producing, interest-generating, keep-an-eye-on-those-TV-ratings playoff. As everybody quickly realized, that raised the possibility a team might be able to get into the playoffs by deliberately losing (SCORECARD, Aug. 17). Thus it was that baseball found itself in an unseemly uproar last week when Chicago White Sox Manager Tony LaRussa and several of his players conceded that they might be tempted to dump or forfeit a late-season, four-game series with the Oakland A's. The A's were the American League West's first-half winner. If the A's were battling, say, Kansas City for the second-half title, and if Chicago had the second-best overall record, well, the surest way for the White Sox to get into the playoffs would be to thwart the Royals by letting Oakland win. St. Louis Manager Whitey Herzog flatly said his team would lie down and play dead in similar circumstances in the National League East. Obviously there was a moral dilemma. Expressions of concern were heard, justifiably, about the integrity of the game.

With talk of tanked baseball games fouling the late-summer air, Commissioner Bowie Kuhn and other baseball officials mercifully announced that the split-season format would somehow be amended to eliminate the possibility that teams might find it in their best interests to intentionally lose games. Still, it was hard to understand how baseball's brass could have gotten into such a pickle in the first place. Bob Fishel, assistant to American League President Lee MacPhail, implied that the owners didn't fully realize their split-season format contained such competitive land mines, adding, "The whole thing was probably done too fast." But Cincinnati Reds President Dick Wagner, one of three National League bosses who voted against the plan, said he and others raised the matter at the meeting at which the split-season plan was adopted.

Whatever the culpability of the owners, it remains a mystery why Commissioner Bowie Kuhn didn't immediately speak up against the scheme. What is Kuhn's role, anyway? He was practically invisible during the strike, claiming to be powerless in the area of labor relations. To be sure, Kuhn has occasionally taken actions supposedly intended to protect baseball's integrity, but such measures have always been highly selective. For example, he recently ordered Baltimore Designated Hitter Terry Crowley to give up a public-relations job at Timonium racetrack but has scrupulously taken a see-no-evil approach to Yankee Boss George Steinbrenner's *ownership* of a racetrack, Tampa Bay Downs. Apparently intoxicated by the prospect of lucrative playoff revenues, Kuhn similarly elected to close his eyes to the dangers inherent in the current split-season concept. Belatedly eliminating those dangers, welcome though such a step certainly would be, will do little to dispel the suspicion that, with the owners lamentably out of touch with what's going on, the national pastime isn't in the best of hands.

TEXAS RULES

No, the owners weren't the only ones who came up with a dubious scheme for salvaging the strike-ravaged baseball season. Listen to the one advanced, tongue perhaps slightly in cheek, by Mark Nusbaum, a columnist for *The Topeka Capital-Journal*. Writing on July 7, in the midst of the strike, Nusbaum suggested that once the season was resumed, the major leagues should adopt "Texas rules," under which each batter starts out with a 3–2 count. Nusbaum explained that this would accelerate play so that teams could work in doubleheaders or even triple-headers each night, enabling games lost on account of the strike to be made up quickly enough to allow the full 162-game schedule to be completed.

Preposterous? Of course. But Nusbaum didn't just pull the idea out of thin air. He made his proposal only after heavy rain had caused a 49-team, double-elimination softball tournament in Topeka to fall so hopelessly behind schedule that officials adopted a modified version of Texas rules, in which each batter started with a 2–2 count. The scheme couldn't have worked better. Most of the games lasted less than 30 minutes, with some half innings being concluded in under a minute. The use of straight Texas rules—so called because they supposedly were devised to speed up play in an overcrowded softball league in that state—presumably would achieve even more dramatic results. What's more, Nusbaum insisted, they might even produce some good baseball. By starting each batter with a 3–2 count, he argued, "It would be power against power, the Gossage

continued



"Just once I'd like to see some Chivas in this thing."

Chivas Regal • 12 Years Old Worldwide • Blended Scotch Whisky • 86 Proof General Wine & Spirits Co., N.Y.

fastball against the Brett long ball."

Well, if you're going to insist on making a travesty of the sport . . . Texas rules, anyone?

SERVING PLATE?

In a recent story on the growing popularity of personalized automobile license plates, *The Washington Post* reported that U.S. Supreme Court Justice-designate Sandra Day O'Connor sports a plate reading JUEZA, which is Spanish for female judge, and that a certain pharmacist has one that says IFILRXS, which is license-platese for I Fill Prescriptions. One other motorist in the *Post's* survey who noted his occupation—if you can call it that—on his license plate was the happy soul who chose this inscription: 10SBUM. Figure that one out yourself.

MESSY MISTRIAL

U.S. District Court Judge Harry Pregerson declared a mistrial last week in the NFL antitrust case and ordered that a new trial begin in his Los Angeles courtroom on Sept. 21. The mistrial was called after the 10-member jury was unable to reach a verdict during 13 days of often bitter deliberations. The jury was split 8–2 in favor of the L.A. Coliseum and the Oakland Raiders, who were suing the NFL, and some members of the majority accused one of the two holdouts, a retired plastics manufacturer named Thomas Gelker, of having been hopelessly biased against the plaintiffs. Gelker came under an even harsher light when it was learned that he was a first cousin of Bruce Gelker, a former owner of the now-defunct World Football League's Portland Storm. Like the other jurors, he had disavowed any extensive knowledge of or connection with pro football.

Gelker told reporters that he had simply forgotten about his cousin's onetime involvement in the WFL, and he denied having any bias. But Joseph Alioto, the Raiders' attorney, already upset by accusations that an NFL security officer had tried to contact at least one juror during the trial, demanded that the U.S. Attorney investigate possible improprieties involving the jury. Alioto derisively called Gelker "the artichoke from Anaheim"—artichoke being Alioto's term for an intransigent juror—and said, "We won the fight fairly and got robbed in the decision." Raider Managing General Partner Al Davis, whose effort to move his team to Los Angeles against the will

continued

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GRAND PRIZE: Box seats for two at all 1981 World Series games, including round-trip transportation to all games, accommodations and $1,000 cash. BONUS! If Grand Prize winner correctly names both of the 1981 Rolaids Relief Man Award winners, a Sony® Color Projection TV System bonus prize will be awarded! TWO FIRST PRIZES: Sony® Betamax® Video Cassette Recorder. 25 SECOND PRIZES: Mattel Electronic® Baseball Game. Sweepstakes Game #1 ends 9/15/81. See Official Rules below. No purchase necessary.

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SWEEPSTAKES GAME #2. 1,000 prizes! 200 every month!

SWEEPSTAKES GAME #2. 1,000 Mattel Electronic® Baseball games! For each of 5 months beginning June 1981, 200 games will be awarded on a random basis to Sweepstakes Game #2 entrants who name either pitcher who is first in standings for the Rolaids Relief Man Award at the end of that month. The leading pitchers' names may be announced in your newspaper, at your local ball park, over the air, or you may call, toll-free, 1-800-528-6052, ext. "Rolaids" for the names. Sweepstakes Game #2 ends 10/31/81, at which time 200 winners will be selected for each of five months. See Official Rules below. No purchase necessary.

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Rolaids spells 100% relief.

OFFICIAL RULES — NO PURCHASE NECESSARY

1. Complete the Official Entry Blank or print 3" x 5" piece of paper with your name, address and zip code. All entries to Game #1 (including the Grand Prize drawing) will be eligible for the Bonus Prize in Game #1 (see Official Rule #4). You must name both pitchers who will be awarded the Rolaids Relief Man Award for 1981. To enter Game #2, you must indicate the month (June, July, Aug., Sept., Oct.) and the name of either pitcher who is first in the standings for the Rolaids Relief Man Award at the end of that month. See Official Rule #5 on how to obtain the names. **2.** With each entry, include the label from a bottle of Rolaids 75's or Rolaids 150's + one outside wrapper from a Rolaids roll or hand-print the words "Rolaids Relief Man Sweepstakes" on a separate 3" x 5" piece of paper. Enter as often as you wish, but each entry must be mailed in a separate envelope. Game #1 entry must be mailed to: Rolaids Game #1, P.O. Box 2120, Westbury, NY 11591 and received by 9/15/81. Game #2 entry must be mailed to: Rolaids Game #2, P.O. Box 2145, Westbury, NY 11591 and received by 10/31/81, at which time 200 winners will be selected for each of five months from among those eligible entries, see Rule #1. The Game month you are entering (June, July, Aug., Sept., Oct.) MUST be printed on outside entry envelope in lower lefthand corner. **3.** Winners will be determined in a random drawing conducted by National Judging Institute, Inc., an independent judging organization, whose decisions are final. Prizes are non-transferable. No substitutions for prizes as offered. Only one prize per family. The odds of winning will be determined by the number of entries received. All prizes will be awarded. If Bonus Prize in Game #1 (see Official Rule #4) and a winner of Grand Prize, total 4 PRIZES. Game #1: GRAND PRIZE: Box seats for 2 at all games in the 1981 World Series, round trip transportation to all games, accommodations and $1,000 cash. BONUS PRIZE: If Grand Prize winner correctly names both of the 1981 Rolaids Relief Man Award winners, a Sony Color Projection TV System will be awarded. TWO FIRST PRIZES: Sony Betamax Video Cassette Recorder. 25 SECOND PRIZES: Mattel Electronic Baseball game. **5.** PRIZES Game #2: 1,000 Mattel Electronic Baseball games. For each of 5 months beginning June 1981, 200 games will be awarded to entrants naming either pitcher who is first in the standings for the Rolaids Relief Man Award at the end of that month. Leading pitchers' names may be announced in your newspaper, at your local ball park, over the air, or CALL TOLL FREE 1-800-528-6052, ext. "Rolaids" in Arizona 1-800-352-0458, ext. "Rolaids" for that month's names. **6.** Sweepstakes void where prohibited. Federal, state or local taxes on prizes, if any, are the responsibility of the winner. Sweepstakes open to residents of the U.S.A. except employees and their families of Warner-Lambert Company, its subsidiaries, Don Jagoda Associates, Inc. or advertising agencies. To obtain a list of winners of Game #1, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Game #1 winners, P.O. Box 2168, Westbury, NY 11591. For Game #2 winners, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Game #2 winners, P.O. Box 2173, Westbury, NY 11591.

OFFICIAL SWEEPSTAKES ENTRY
GAME #1

Rolaids Relief Man
Sweepstakes Game #1
P.O. Box 2120, Westbury, NY 11591

I think the winning pitchers of the ROLAIDS RELIEF MAN AWARD for 1981 will be

AMERICAN LEAGUE _____

NATIONAL LEAGUE _____

Name _____ (please print)

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

This Sweepstakes Game #1 ends 9/15/81. See Official Rules.

OFFICIAL SWEEPSTAKES ENTRY
GAME #2

Rolaids Relief Man
Sweepstakes Game #2
P.O. Box 2145, Westbury, NY 11591

Entry for month of
(circle one)
June July Aug. Sept. Oct.

The pitcher who is first in the standings for the ROLAIDS RELIEF MAN AWARD at the end of this month is

AMERICAN LEAGUE _____

NATIONAL LEAGUE _____

Name _____ (please print)

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

This Sweepstakes Game #2 ends 10/31/81. See Official Rules.

of the rest of the NFL was the subject of the suit, said of Gelker's role on the jury, "I think it was an obstruction of justice. I'd go so far as to say it was a plant." Davis implied that the NFL had somehow been responsible for getting Gelker on the jury.

The frustration that prompted Davis' startling accusation—if not the accusation itself—was forgivable. The Raiders had already spent $1.5 million in legal fees on the suit and are presumably less well equipped than the NFL to incur the expense of further litigation, a fact not lost on a lawyer on the NFL side, who told SI's Paul Zimmerman: "There's a limit to how far the Raiders can go. Al has limited partners. He only owns 25% of the team. A series of mistrials can cut off his oil supply."

The NFL has further reason to be hopeful. Wayne Valley, a former partner of Davis' with the Raiders, was scheduled to be a star witness for the NFL in the first trial but was scratched because of illness. There's a chance he may testify in the new trial. Nevertheless, the 8–2 vote in Davis' favor was a close call, and there's no guarantee the NFL will be so lucky the next time around. In the coming days Pregerson may well renew his past efforts to arrange an out-of-court settlement. It might behoove both sides in the increasingly nasty dispute to heed his plea.

NEXT THEY'LL TRY TO TIE COBB

Be it noted that on Monday, Aug. 10, the night Philadelphia's Pete Rose got his 3,631st hit to break Stan Musial's National League career record, the nine starting batsmen for Oakland in a 6–2 loss to Minnesota collected seven hits to raise their *combined* career total to 3,191. The A's and Phillies could conceivably meet in the World Series, by which time those selfsame nine Oakland players may well have pulled to within 100 hits or so of Pete. Keep plugging, boys.

Xs, Os AND ZZZZZs

Los Angeles radio station KMPC, the hometown outlet of the Rams, conducts a live, early-morning telephone interview with Coach Ray Malavasi on the day following each game. At 7:20 a.m. last Tuesday a KMPC producer phoned Malavasi at home, chatted with him and then, after putting him on hold, turned him over to an interviewer, Robert W. Morgan, who intended to talk to Malavasi about the Rams' 34–21 exhibition loss the night before to the New England Patriots. But when Morgan, on the air, greeted Malavasi, there was silence at the other end. Morgan tried again. The faint but unmistakable sound of snoring could be heard. Malavasi had fallen asleep.

Morgan reacted with considerable aplomb. Instead of hanging up, he proceeded to "interview" the Ram coach. The exchange went something like this:

Morgan: What about Haden getting intercepted four times last night, coach?

Malavasi: (*Snore*)

Morgan: You sure had trouble with your defense, didn't you?



Malavasi: (*Snore*)

Morgan continued to milk the situation, as Malavasi snoozed on. Only after Morgan hung up did Malavasi awaken. He later confessed, unnecessarily, "I was tired."

MONTREAL'S TARNISHED MILLIONAIRES

Owing to the just-settled Canadian postal strike, some Americans may have experienced difficulty getting the news out of Montreal, where the Alouettes, the Canadian Football League team with all the highly paid, big-name U.S. stars, have been taking their *bosses*, which is French for lumps. Linebacker Tom Cousineau, the 1979 No. 1 NFL draft pick from Ohio State, who had never missed a game because of injury in his career, has been sidelined on and off with various shoulder and elbow ailments. David Overstreet, the ex-Oklahoma running back who was picked No. 1 in the 1981 draft by the Miami Dolphins, has committed nine fumbles in the Alouettes' six games, four of them in *one half*. He's now known as David Overpaid. Defensive End Keith Gary, also of Oklahoma, Pittsburgh's No. 1 1981 pick, has been only a so-so performer. Billy (White Shoes) Johnson, late of the Houston Oilers, ranks a disappointing 14th in the CFL in pass receiving and 11th in punt returns. Ex-Chicago Bear Receiver James Scott has generally played well, but he reported to the Als late and the other day he dropped a perfect pass from Vince Ferragamo. Ah, yes, Ferragamo. The Los Angeles Rams' onetime golden boy has shown ability to move the ball, only to goof up in crucial situations. Apparently having difficulty adjusting to the CFL's 12-man defenses, the Als' $400,000-a-year quarterback has been intercepted a dozen times, tops in the league.

The Alouettes' record? With the CFL season nearing the halfway mark, the team referred to, alternately, as the Montreal Millionaires or NFL North has a 1–5 record, the lone victory being a 23–22 squeaker over the winless Toronto Argonauts. All but one of the defeats have been lopsided, including a 48–8 drubbing by the undefeated British Columbia Lions and, most recently, a 58–2 loss to the Winnipeg Blue Bombers, the worst beating in Alouette history. The Als have scored the fewest points (104) and allowed the most (237) in the CFL. Although the Alouettes could get better and, in any case, will probably make the CFL's Eastern Conference playoffs—three of the conference's four clubs qualify, and hapless Toronto will likely be odd team out—the team's free-spending new owner, Nelson Skalbania, can be forgiven for wondering whether he has been getting his money's worth. And Coach Joe Scannella can rue his buoyant preseason words: "This looks like it's going to be a fun year."

THEY SAID IT

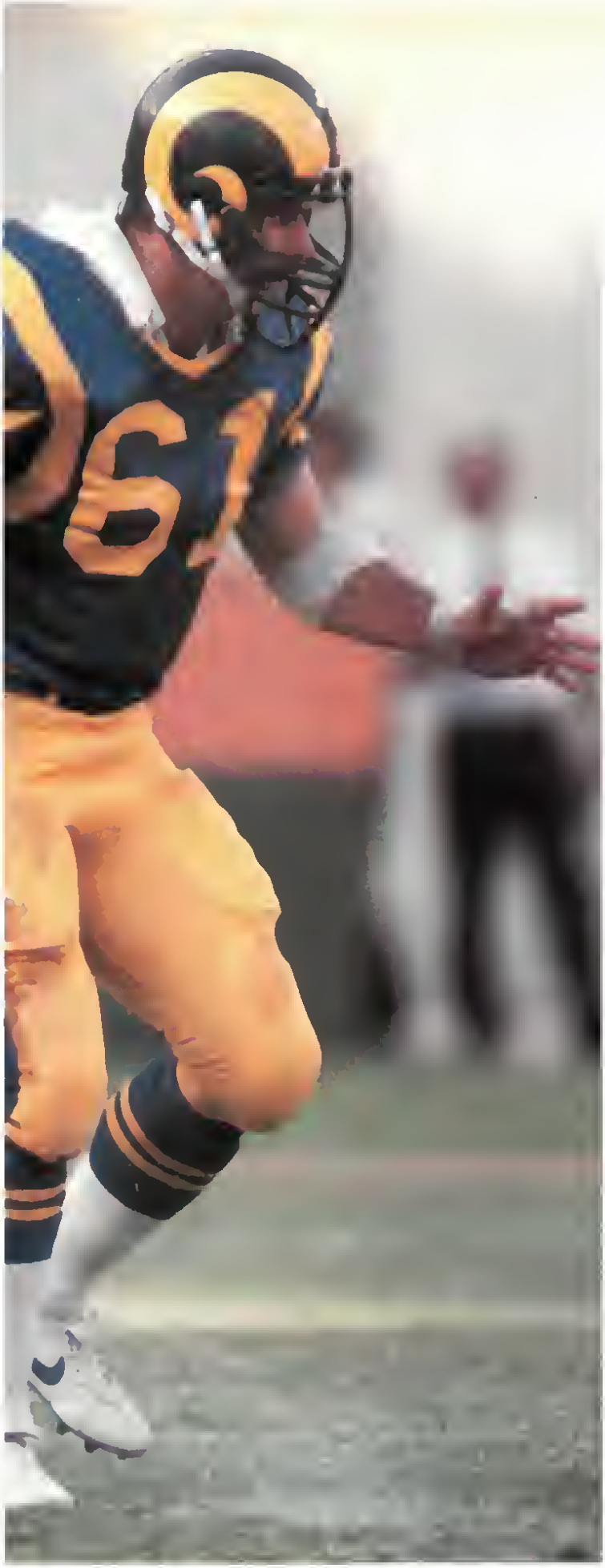
• Norm Van Brocklin, former NFL quarterback and coach and now a pecan farmer in Social Circle, Ga., describing the brain surgery he underwent two years ago: "It was a brain transplant. I got a sportswriter's brain so I could be sure I had one that hadn't been used."

• Carl Mauck, Houston Oiler center, discussing the problem of adjusting to new Quarterback Gifford Nielsen, who succeeds the freer-spirited Ken Stabler: "In the huddle, I can't get used to the smell of milk shakes on Gifford's breath." **END**


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really go at it this hard
just for a beer?
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they're playing for Michelob Light,
a rich, smooth taste you can compare
to any beer you like.
Michelob Light.



Sports Illustrated
AUGUST 24, 1981



L.A. WILL STAND PAT

After five very frustrating and contentious years, Pat Haden is posilutely, absotively the Rams' starting quarterback **by BRUCE NEWMAN**

In the annals of not quite making it, the Los Angeles Rams have few equals. From 1973 to 1979 they won seven straight NFC West championships but not one Super Bowl ring. In the '79 season they finally got to the Super Bowl, right there in Pasadena, but they ended up losers again. Then last year the Rams deserted Hollywood for Anaheim, failed to win their division and were blown out of the playoffs in the first round by the Dallas Cowboys.

But last Saturday night in Anaheim the Rams served notice that they are once again a serious Super Bowl threat by trampling those same Cowboys 33–21. It was just an exhibition game, but while the regulars were on the field the Rams drove for touchdowns on their first two possessions, Running Back Wendell Tyler taking the ball in both times. It was 21–0 after Jewerl Thomas scored early in the second quarter.

Tyler was a big factor in the Rams' drive to the Super Bowl two seasons ago, but last year, after dislocating a hip in an automobile accident, he

continued

At his program height of 5' 11", Haden can't always see over the likes of 6' 3" Rich Saul.

played in just four games and gained only 157 yards. After his touchdowns against Dallas he genuflected at the foot of the goalpost and crossed himself.

While giving thanks for Tyler's return, L.A. fans were picking up on a wondrous, and probably more significant, Ram development. L.A. had a single solitary uncontested starting quarterback. For the previous seven years—and indeed through most of the Rams' history—no one had held the quarterback position unchallenged. But now the Rams have handed sole possession of the job to Pat Haden, who had been on the premises for a good while. To be sure, Haden hadn't been a giant at the position. He is in fact sort of short. Haden is listed in the Rams' program at 5′ 11″, and if you believe his critics he needs a stepladder to see over his line. Well, on Saturday against Dallas he saw well enough to complete 17 of 25 passes for 207 yards and a touchdown in three quarters of action, and when he trotted off the field after one Ram scoring drive he was greeted with an enthusiastic high-five by one of his offensive linemen. Of course, Haden had to jump several feet into the air to reach his teammate's outstretched hand.



In Saturday's win, the Rams, again doughty on defense, ganged up on Dallas' Robert Newhouse.

In a town where image is everything, Haden has a very tough act to follow. Vince Ferragamo, who came on strong when Haden was injured in each of the last two years and then jumped to the Montreal Alouettes of the Canadian Football League, was tall and had sculpted good looks, as well as an arm that was strong and accurate enough to enable him to rank second in the NFL in touchdown passes; he had 30 last season. Haden is in his sixth year with the Rams, and despite some creditable accomplishments (he has been wholly or partly responsible for the Rams' last four NFC West titles), he is still trying to prove himself to the L.A. fans. In a recent "open letter" to that constituency, Haden wrote, "I know I'm short, I know I can't throw deep and I know I'm not Italian. . . . I'm taking Italian lessons, eating more spaghetti and trying to talk my wife into changing our name to Hadenlione." The strength of Haden's arm was of particular concern in Los Angeles after Ferragamo's success with deep patterns, so Haden faced it head on. "Ryan, my youngest, whispered his first words to me the other day. He said, 'Daddy, throw long on first down.' I'll never forgive him for that."

Haden got off to a bumpy start in the Rams' first exhibition this season when he threw four interceptions in the first half of a lopsided loss to New England. That performance fueled speculation that L.A. would go shopping for another quarterback (Ken Stabler? Dan Pastorini?), but the Rams quickly quashed that notion. Indeed, Haden seems to have arrived at a state of grace that his Ram predecessors have seldom known.

Bob Waterfield was the Rams' starting quarterback in 1949, the team's fourth year in L.A., when the club drafted Norm Van Brocklin, whose idea of a good time was to drill a football into the backsides of unsuspecting souls during practice. "That was the beginning of the rivalries," says Don Klosterman, the Rams' general manager, who in 1952 was a promising—if overmatched—Ram quarterback himself. Waterfield and Van

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANDY HAYT



Jawerl Thomas was a jewel against Dallas

Brocklin ranked one-two in the NFL in passing in 1951 when the Rams won their last world championship. The fans, naturally, began to choose sides. "That was the start of the booing, too," says Klosterman. "I think Waterfield could have played another five years, but he finally got tired of the booing." He retired after the '52 season.

When Billy Wade joined the team in 1954, Van Brocklin once again found himself splitting playing time, and the Dutchman didn't much like the arrangement. He liked Wade even less. "Dutch was a hard-nosed guy," says Jack Faulkner, an assistant coach at the time and now the Rams' assistant general manager. "Wade was the All-American boy—he didn't smoke or drink, and he was very religious—so Dutch was just naturally hard on him." It wasn't Van Brocklin's nature to hand out pointers to his young rival, either. As Herb Rich, a defensive back for the club in the early '50s, once put it, "The only boost Dutch ever gave Wade was to kick his butt off the field." Van Brocklin was traded to the Eagles in 1958.

Wade was known as a brilliant technician. Whenever a receiver had to stretch for one of his passes, Wade would always say, "Nice catch of a badly thrown ball." He said things like that a lot, and it tended to rub some people the wrong way. When Waterfield returned as the Rams' head coach in 1960, he went to General Manager Elroy Hirsch and asked him to trade Wade.

"What do you think we can get for him?" asked Hirsch.

"Peace of mind," said Waterfield.

Quarterbacks came and quarterbacks went. Rudy Bukich, a local hero from USC, had battled Wade for the starting job for three seasons. Bukich once confided that his greatest delight was his ability to break his own receivers' fingers with his bullet passes. He was traded in 1956. Wade was traded to the Chicago Bears in 1961. Frank Ryan, who used to pass the time on road trips by proving out complicated mathematical formulas, held the job for a time. Then, pffft. Traded to Cleveland. Van Brocklin, Wade and Ryan led their new clubs to world championships.

In 1963 Ram Coach Harland Svare actually tried shuttling quarterbacks Zeke Bratkowski, Terry Baker and Roman Gabriel in and out of games on alternating downs, with predictably disastrous results. As a rookie a year earlier, Gabriel was so green he believed almost anything. One story goes that he went to the Rams' trainer complaining of a sore shoulder and was told to tape two aspirin to his skin and let the aspirin work into the shoulder. The next day, Gabriel still had the aspirin taped on and said his shoulder felt much better.

Karl Sweetan ushered in the '70s by playing with the Rams for two seasons and then being arrested for trying to sell his Rams' playbook to the New Orleans Saints. Between 1973 and '76 the Rams won four NFC West championships using four different starting quarterbacks (John Hadl, James Harris, Ron Jaworski and Haden), but by the start of the '77 season all had been traded but Haden. He threw his first pass for the Rams on opening day in 1976 against Atlanta—for a 47-yard touchdown to Ron Jessie. "I was a hometown kid and I was a breath of fresh air for a while," says Haden, "but, inevitably, if you don't complete every pass or if you don't win the Super Bowl, people want a new quarterback." The following year they got one when owner Carroll Rosenbloom brought in Joe Namath for one last fling. The team was 2–2 under Namath, and after a four-interception disaster in Chicago, Haden took over again and finished the season ranked second in the NFL's quarterback standings.

In 1978 Haden set three club passing records before breaking the thumb of his right hand on Cowboy Randy White's helmet in a losing effort in the NFC Championship game. That season a headline in the *Los Angeles Herald Examiner* read HADEN SAYS L.A. FANS STINK. Haden never said it and there was no such quote in the story, but the headline damaged his standing with the fans, and the wounds are still healing.

In the 10th game of the following year, against Seattle, Haden had just set a team record by completing 13 straight passes when he caught the pinky of his right hand in a seam of the Kingdome's AstroTurf and fractured it. Under Ferragamo the Rams promptly went to the Super Bowl. There was no enjoyment last season for Haden, either. After winning a bitter struggle for the starting position with Ferragamo in training camp, he started the Rams' opening game against Detroit in Anaheim Stadium, only to break his right index finger on teammate Doug France's shoulder pads. "I was sitting on the sideline with an ice bag on my hand," Haden recalls, "and a message was flashed on the scoreboard saying I had hurt my hand. There were loud cheers. When I thought about it later, it seemed to me there's something wrong with the sports ethos in America. But at the time I was just angry. Cheering another human's misfortune is beyond comprehension to me, very alarming. It's almost as if the fans are trying to participate in the violence on the field."

Haden knows that every pass he makes this season will be closely scrutinized, but for now, at least, there's no pressure from an understudy. The Rams have three other quarterbacks in camp—Bob Lee, Jeff Rutledge and Jeff Kemp—but they are only on hand in case of emergency.

Still, Haden has no illusions about his job security. "They don't keep me around because I'm a great guy," he says. "I am a great guy, but this is a $50 million business, and if I don't do the job I'm sure they'll find a replacement and depreciate me very quickly. There's tremendous pressure on me, sure. I think the thing that drives all athletes is the fear of failure. It can get scary."

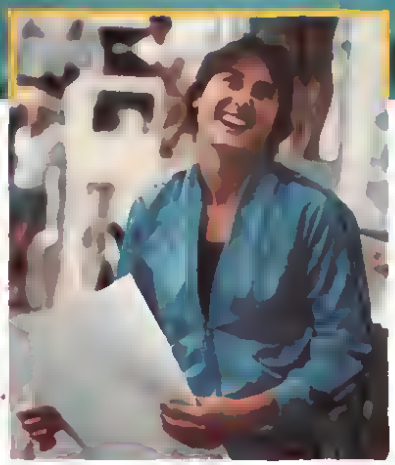
But in Los Angeles it can never get dull **END**

SOME FAST WOMEN, BUT FEW FREE MEN

While Mary T. Meagher, who set two world records in the butterfly, and other ladies excelled at the U.S. long course championships, there was a serious drought in the male freestyle events

by CRAIG NEFF





In the 200 fly, Meagher cut almost half a second off the record, and got a certificate to prove it.

At the Walter Schroeder Aquatic Center in suburban Milwaukee last Wednesday, Mary T. Meagher's coach, Bill Peak, was explaining why Mary T. doesn't swim well in morning preliminaries. "It's her metabolism," he said. "If you take her pulse while she's sleeping, you'll find that she's virtually dead. That can make it tough to get going."

But when the U.S. long course championships began at Schroeder the next morning—indoors for only the third time in 80 years—the greatest woman butterflyer in history looked full of life. Meagher, 16, quickly opened up a lead of several body lengths in her heat of the 200-meter fly, then eased off slightly, mindful of reserving strength for the evening final. Nevertheless, she still won by nearly 3½ seconds, finishing in 2:09.55, the eighth-fastest time ever.

Considering that six of the seven best times also are Mary T.'s, it was hardly surprising that she would soon provide the four-day meet with more than just a bracing morning swim. However, several of the meet's other developments were less foreseeable. Although the U.S. is desperate for top-of-the-line male freestylers, for example, not one candidate really distinguished himself; instead, the four freestyle swimmers who stood out were two teen-age women and two men, a dazzling but inconsistent Samoan sprinter and a previously retired 22-year-old from Jesup, Ga., who made a comeback with the aid of surgical tubing, plastic cups, pulleys, wires and milk crates full of weights.

Jesse Vassallo, world-record holder in the 400-meter individual medley, abruptly ended two years of frustration, in which he was unable to improve his times, by winning two events and coming within .38 of his IM record. And despite a fast pool and talk that more world records would be broken than at any other U.S. meet since the 1972 Olympic Trials (where 12 marks fell), only two world records were set.

Tracy Caulkins, who had hoped to surpass as many as four world marks herself, got zilch, though she did win four events (both breaststrokes and both IMs) to raise her career total of national titles to 35, only one short of Johnny Weissmuller's record. "The atmosphere just isn't what I thought it would be," she said, bewildered and disappointed by her showing.

Caulkins had already come within .05 of her own American record in winning the 200 breaststroke on Thursday night, when Mary T. returned to the starting platform for her final. Meagher's strat-

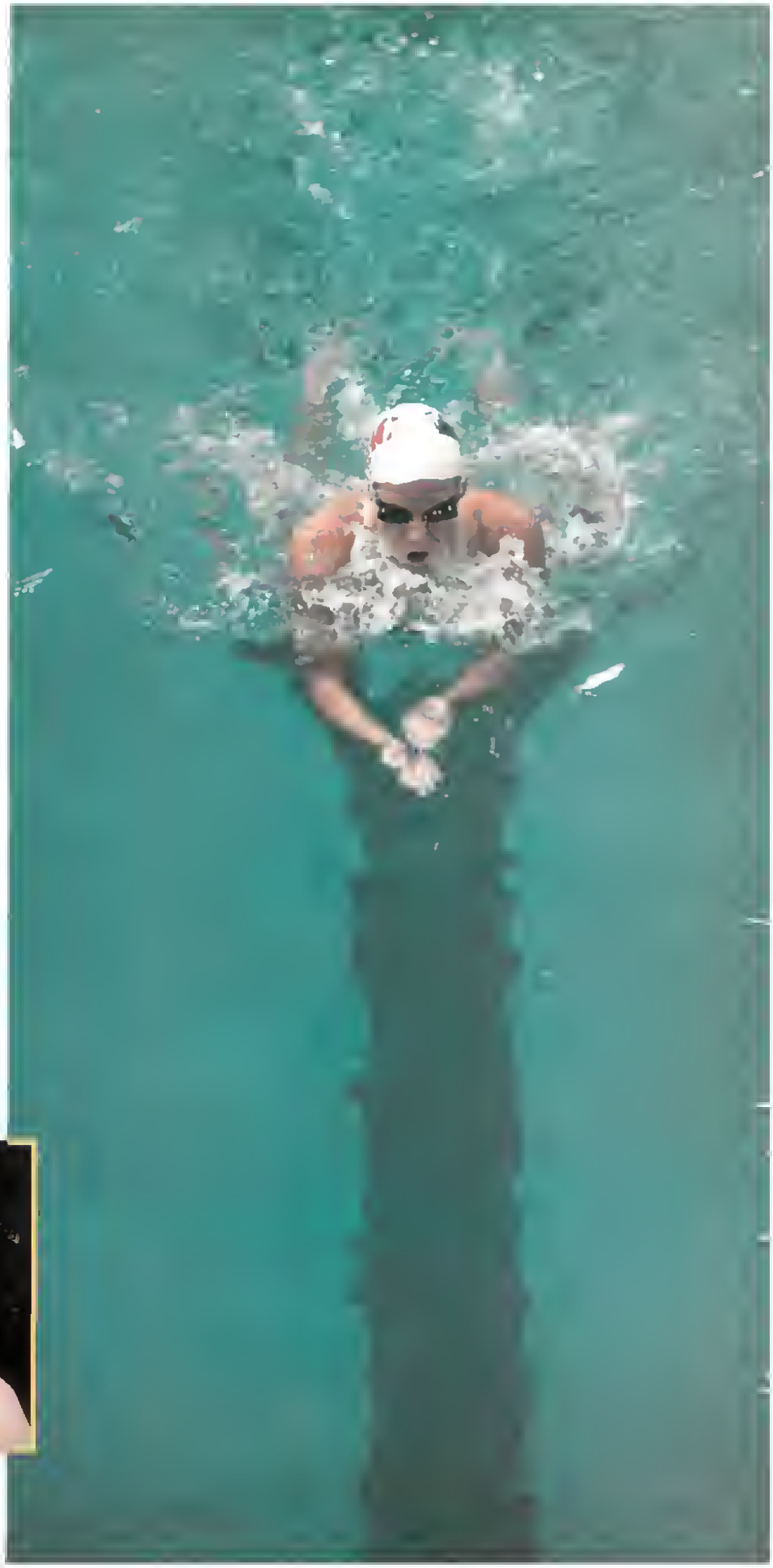
egy in going after her 200 fly world record of 2.06 37 was to swim four 50-meter splits that were approximately equal; in setting the record back in July 1980, she had swum a blazing first 50 and then tailed off.

And indeed, this time she swam the first 50 in 29.5— 8 off her world-record pace, but just what she and Peak had wanted. By 75 meters she had a two-body-length lead and was well into her graceful, high-arching churn: two strokes, then a breath. ("That perfect rhythm, the timing was something she had naturally when she was 10," says Peak. "No coach can take credit for it.") Successive splits near 32 seconds sent Meagher into the final 50 .69 behind her record pace, but not to worry; she has built her endurance with non-stop butterfly workouts of as long as 1,600 meters, an incredible distance over which to sustain swimming's most exhausting stroke. That, and a roaring, whistling crowd that was waving hands, towels and programs over their heads, carried her down the final length. As she hit the touch-pad, the scoreboard flashed 2:05.96. She had lowered the world record by nearly half a second.

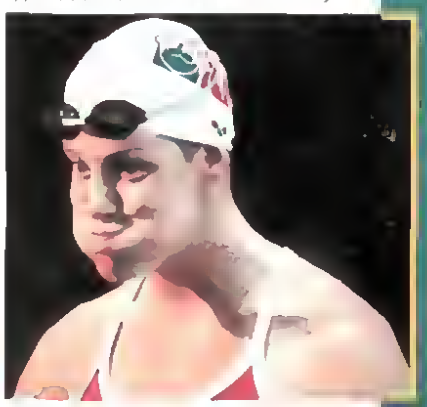
After waving to her parents, who were sitting in a balcony above the pool, Meagher hopped out of the water and went directly to Peak. It seems she had been a bit concerned about the problems created by bright TV lights shining on her wet bathing suit. "Could you see through?" she asked.

"Of course. Everybody could," said Peak. But he was unable to maintain a sober face, and Mary T. smacked

continued



Caulkins huffed, puffed and blew away all opposition in the 400 individual medley



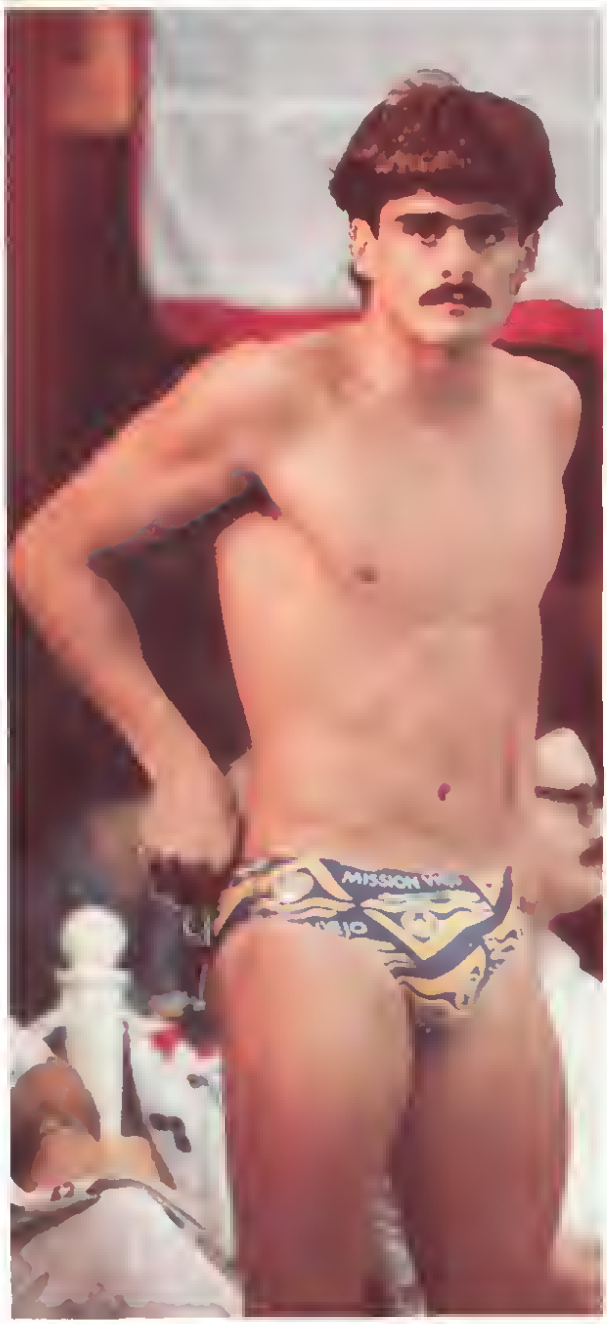
him on the arm. "You!" she cried.

Swimming is fun again for Meagher, something it wasn't just a year ago, when she "was for sure going to quit" in frustration over the Olympic boycott. It helps now that Peak has her on a less rigid training program that allows her to play field hockey at school and requires only one-a-day workouts for part of the year. But what persuaded her not to quit was a trip to China with the national team last August. She spent a lot of time with 17-year-old Sippy Woodhead, the world-record holder in the 200 free and someone with whom Meagher could identify. "Sippy kept talking about how she was going to stick with it until the Olympics," says Meagher. "I guess it rubbed off." Mary T. apparently picked up some of Woodhead's unabashedness, too. In Canton, the team put together a mock *Gong Show*, in which Caulkins, Woodhead and two other swimmers imitated the punk band the B-52's and sang that classic, *Rock Lobster*. Mary T., two swim paddles in each hand for pincers, portrayed a dancing lobster. "At least we didn't get gonged," she says.

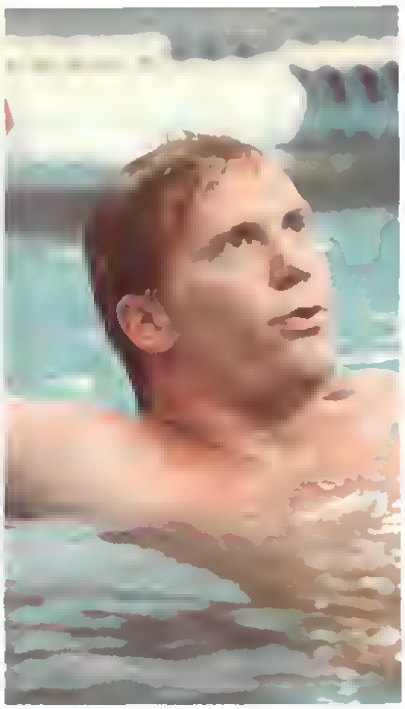
To see Mary T. today is to note a sharp contrast with the 14-year-old from Louisville who shocked the swimming world in 1979 by breaking the world 200 butterfly record three times in her first year of senior-level competition. She has grown two inches to 5′ 7″, added 10 pounds to 128 pounds, and discarded her braces and the stuffed animals she used to bring to meets. No longer does she answer every question with just yes or no; she even talks of beginning college one year ahead of schedule, in 1982, and maybe studying communications.

She also now dominates her event more completely than any other woman swimmer in the world. Mary T. has 10 of the 11 fastest 200 fly times and four of the top five for the 100 fly. Her butterfly record since 1976 shows only one defeat: to Jill Sterkel in a 100-yard short course race in April. In Milwaukee, on Sunday evening, she and Sterkel would meet again in the 100 fly finals.

Meanwhile, the most pressing question of the meet was where have all the male freestyle swimmers gone? "We're in trouble that we've never been in before," said Brian Goodell, a 1976 Olympic gold medalist in the 400 and 1,500 free, who was at the meet as a spectator. "As long as I've been around, we've *owned* the free." That changed last year because of retirements. Gone are Goodell, Mike Bruner, Rowdy Gaines and others—among them the American record holders in every Olympic freestyle event. "A lot of people just realized that they couldn't hang on until 1984," said Goodell.



Vassallo, ending a two-year dry spell, improved his times in the 200 and 400 IMs



The laid-back Larson says he's retiring—again

Unfortunately, the men's freestyle competition at the long course meet did little to clarify who the new stars will be. After two days of inconclusive results, Olympic backstroke champion John Naber said, "No one winning these races would necessarily win the same race a month from now."

Two troubling freestyle champions were Robin Leamy and David Larson, who won the 50 and the 200, respectively. Leamy, a UCLA senior from Apia, Western Samoa, lowered Joe Bottom's American 50-meter record from 22.71 seconds to 22.54 in Saturday's preliminaries. But Leamy has a history of wasting good performances in the heats, as at the 1981 NCAAs, where he broke Bottom's 50-yard record in the preliminaries and then lost in the finals. "I feel more pressure in the prelims," Leamy says. "I see all those people and keep thinking 'I have to beat them *all*.' " In any case, his favorite event is too short for either the Olympics or world-record recognition. "A 50 can involve very much luck," Leamy concedes.

Larson had to be the most unlikely winner of the entire meet, and the one with the dimmest competitive future. He stopped swimming entirely between April and June, and since June he has been in the water only an hour a day.

His coach at the University of Florida, Randy Reese, coaxed him back into the sport by suggesting that he do all his workouts using "bands, belts and baskets"—various homemade training devices dreamed up by Reese. "Bands" are long sections of thick surgical tubing attached to a swimmer and a pool wall, while "belts" have plastic cups on them that increase a swimmer's drag and "baskets" are plastic milk crates filled with barbell weights and hooked by rope and pulley onto the swimmer. In each case, the man in the water has a difficult time of it, so an entire workout can be completed in 30 minutes.

Larson swam so powerfully when he wasn't strapped into anything in Friday's 200 free that he not only won the event but did it by surging in the final 20 meters. His winning time of 1:50.86 was a personal best by .93 seconds. Alas, shortly after that victory he said he would once again retire from the sport, at the end of the summer, leaving the U.S. with yet another national freestyle champion to replace. In the end, six different swimmers had won the six men's freestyle events, and only Leamy had established any sort of record.

The women weren't particularly looking for new freestyle distance swimmers, but found two talented ones anyway. Marybeth Linzmeier, a tall, lean 18-year-old with a record of consistent top-five finishes in national meets, won her first long course title (800 free) and then her second (200 free) and her third (1,500 free). She nearly won one more, the 400 free. Quiet and self-effacing, Linzmeier suggested that a major factor in her victories had been homesickness; after three years of training with the Mission Viejo team she had returned home to Visalia, Calif. last November for a three-month break from the sport. "I wanted to see my own sheets and pillow for longer than a weekend," she said. "And I *needed* to be away from swimming."

Perhaps more talented than Linzmeier, however, is her 108-pound teammate at Mission Viejo, Tiffany Cohen. Cohen, barely 15 yet swimming in her fourth nationals, placed in the top eight behind Linzmeier in the 800 and 200, then shocked everyone when she won Saturday's 400 free by overtaking Marybeth in the final 50 meters. "I don't know [scrunching up nose], it was, like, exciting or something, passing her," said Tiffany with a certain cockiness after the race. Her time of 4:09.77 made her the third-fastest American ever in the event.

Cohen's method of dealing with the boredom of 15,000 to 20,000 meters of training each day is to sing to herself, usually rock music. As she—by her description—struggled through Thursday's 800, she tried to push herself by singing a Foreigner song called *Urgent*. "I really like R.E.O. Speedwagon," she says. Her mother presumably has different tastes; she named her daughter after, in Tiffany's words, "some restaurant she always wanted to eat in. I think there's a jewelry store called that, too."

In Sunday's 1,500 Cohen led for 500 of the final 750 meters, but faded to finish second, 1.4 seconds behind Linzmeier. Most of the evening's attention, however, was focused on Mary T. She had tried a couple of freestyle races herself on Friday and Saturday, finishing second to Linzmeier in the 200 and qualifying 12th in the 400 before scratching from the consolation finals. Finally, though, it was time for her to face up to Sterkel in the 100 fly and to try to break her own 59.26 world record.

Twenty-five meters into that race, Meagher was slightly in front of Sterkel, but seemed not to be able to break away. Suddenly, however, it looked as if all of Mary T.'s opponents were hooked up to some of Larson's surgical tubing. She began widening her lead dramatically, making her turn in 27.75—49 under her world-record pace. As the crowd watched in awe, Meagher extended her lead to two, then three body lengths as she drove toward the finish. When she touched, the clock read 57.93, an astonishing 1.33 below her old record. Sterkel finished fifth, more than 3½ seconds behind, and Meagher's closest pursuer had been nearly three seconds back. Mary T. had given the record-starved meet one of the most remarkable performances in swimming history.

"I just wish there was somebody who could really *push* Mary T.," Peak had said earlier, "especially in the 200. But there doesn't seem to be anybody around who can touch her. I don't know. Maybe Tracy?"

More likely no one. **END**

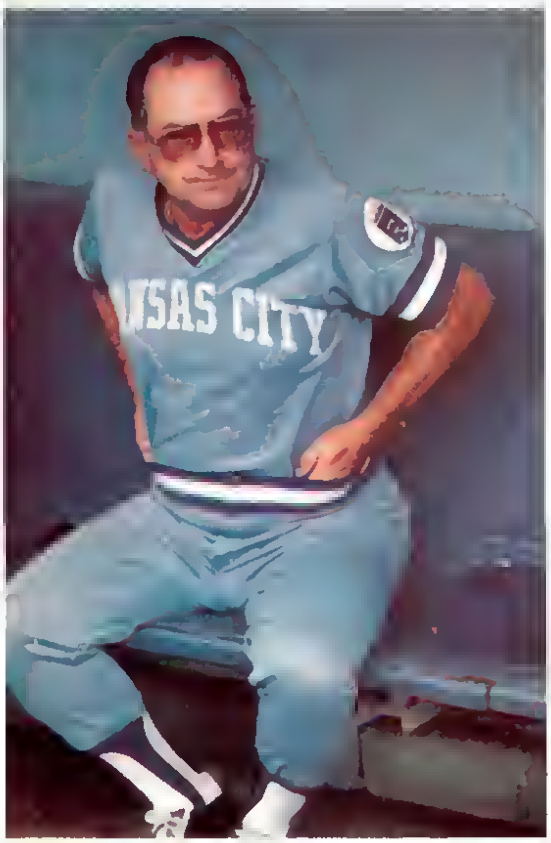


In a moment of repose, Cohen stokes up on rock, which helps relieve the long hours of training

A SECOND CHANCE FOR LAST YEAR'S CHAMP

Because of its early-season nose dive, Kansas City could benefit the most from baseball's split-season format

by STEVE WULF



Skipper Frey has had a bellyful of bad bounces

It was one of those plays for which talking hairdos go to the videotape at 11:20 p.m. Last Saturday in Cleveland, Leftfielder Willie Wilson of the Kansas City Royals hurried to catch a fly ball hit by Toby Harrah of the Indians with two on and two out in the third inning. The wind toyed with the ball, and it hit the heel of Wilson's glove. From there, it rolled down his left arm and over to his right hand. Wilson instinctively flipped it in the air back to his left hand, and the ball ended up safe and snug in the pouch of his black kangaroo-hide glove. The juggling act had begun just outside the foul line and concluded a few yards inside fair territory, and Wilson, smiling, accepted the mock congratulations of his teammates.

That catch could be a little metaphor for the Royals' whole season, or rather, for the Royals' two half-seasons. On June 12 the defending American League champions were in fifth place, 12 games behind the Oakland A's. They looked as if they were about to drop the Western Division title. Then baseball got away. When it returned on Aug. 10, the Royals found themselves in first place, albeit with six other teams. "This is a time for rejuvenation," says Wilson. "We have new life. The strike was a blessing in disguise."

And in truth, Kansas City is the team with the best chance of benefiting from the creation of a bogus second season. Manager Jim Frey and many of the players maintain that the Royals eventually would have caught up with the teams ahead, but the truth is that K.C. barely had a pulse on June 12. "I don't think we would have had a chance," says Outfielder Amos Otis. "Not with four teams in front of us."

What a difference a year makes. On Aug. 17 last year, the Royals were 13 games in the lead and George Brett went over .400 for the first time. On Aug. 17 this year, K.C. had a 24–34 won-lost record and the third baseman was at .294, nursing yet another injury, a badly bruised and sprained right thumb. Last year the offense averaged five runs a game; this year it is producing 3.8 a game. In one-run contests in 1980 the Royals were 29–12, while in '81 they are 9–14. The team ERA has jumped from 3.83 to 4.07.

Asking why a championship team goes bad all of a sudden is a little like asking why does love go. There are lots of possibilities, but the only answer is no answer at all: It just happens. Frey is at a loss to explain why the Royals went south. "When the pitching was good, we weren't getting the hitting, and vice versa," he says. "You go through periods when if you need the out, the other guy hits a bloop double. When you need the hit, you hit a line drive right at them. All clubs go through this. It was just our turn."

Baltimore Manager Earl Weaver, under whom Frey served for 10 years, says, "The toughest thing is to win again. After you've been in the World Series, you forget in April and May how tough it was to get there. You're not playing in front of 50,000 people anymore. It's 41° in Cleveland, and there are 4,500 fans out there. In 1970, after we had won 109 games the year before, the first thing I did in spring training was tell the play-



Cleveland's Ron Hassey got the bad news from Ump Marty Springstead as Wilson stirred up dust

ers, 'Don't give me no crap about 109 wins. Last year's success doesn't mean crap. The pitchers will be pitching you different. You've got to do it all over again.' That's Kansas City's problem. They forgot what they did to get there. Somehow you've got to remember what's at the end of the rainbow."

Through most of last season and the AL playoffs, the Royals looked almost invincible. They had a beautifully balanced offense, four strong starting pitchers and a reliever, Dan Quisenberry, with 33 saves. Then came the World Series, and Philadelphia exposed K.C.'s weaknesses for all to see. One of the Phillies' advance scouts, Moose Johnson, helped draw up the battle plan for the Series. Johnson, who was in Oakland last week scouting the A's for the '81 Series, recalls the Phils' objective. "We felt that in order to win we had to keep their fast men, Wilson, U.L. Washington and Frank White, off the bases. We also felt there was a difference in pitching between the two leagues because the National League has more hard throwers. So we planned to go right after them with the good fastball, overmatching them with the fastball and staying away from the breaking pitch.

"If we went in with one idea, it was that George Brett wouldn't beat us. We would walk him before we'd let him beat us. We'd allow him his hits, but stifle his productivity. When we did pitch to him, we never threw two pitches in a row to the same place. Throw inside all the time, and he'll adjust."

Johnson says other scouts have told him that the other American League teams have been doing just what the Phillies did last year with the same results.

Indeed, although Brett was batting near .300 at week's end, he had driven in only 17 runs. Wilson, who struck out a record 12 times in six Series games, mostly on inside fastballs, was seeing nothing but inside fastballs the first part of the season. Consequently, he got off to a slow start at the plate, and it affected his base running. "Last year it seemed as if teams were afraid to walk Willie and George," says Royals Coach Gordy MacKenzie. "This year they're pitching both of them a lot tougher."

The Royals are also missing some key players from last year's squad. Their rightfielder, Clint Hurdle, played only 12 games this year and is probably out for the season with a bad back. Catcher Darrell Porter sold his services to the Cardinals, costing the Royals not only a first-string catcher but also the versatility of John Wathan, who has done most of the catching this season.

K.C.'s bench is sometimes derided for its age, but it's hard to fault 38-year-old Lee May, who's hitting .341 and is a good clubhouse influence, or Jerry Grote, also 38, who's batting .321 after sitting out two years. "We don't have a *continued*



John Lowenstein, a Terry Crowley, a Jim Dwyer, like the Orioles have," says White.

Frey has also come in for a lot of criticism, even though his approach brought the Royals 102 victories last year—97 in the regular season and five in the postseason. Many of the complaints concern his conservative offensive philosophy, which might best be described as automatic pilot. Several players are itching to run, but only Wilson and Otis have the green light. Says White, who had 28 stolen bases in 1979 but has only two this year, "I'm tired of reading about how fast the Oakland A's are. We're just as fast, it's just that we're managed differently. This is nothing against Jim, I just think we should run more. You create mistakes. Even more importantly, you create a different atmosphere. I remember under Whitey Herzog, guys used to gather in the dugout and talk about this pitcher's move and that pitcher's move. We don't do that anymore. Sometimes I want to run so bad, but I don't get the sign." Otis, who wasn't allowed to run on his own last year, concurs. "When nine times out of 10 you don't run, it makes you lazy at first base."



The pitchers also sense a lack of communication between themselves and Frey. Says one, "Billy Connors, our pitching coach, is sort of a go-between. He does a lot of going between." What rankles the pitchers the most is what they interpret as Frey's second-guessing. But Jim Frey isn't the reason the Royals got off to such a slow start. He's an open and friendly man, and it shouldn't be forgotten that he is in only his second year as a manager. "The atmosphere of freedom he gave the club last year was very important," says Quisenberry.

Leonard's delivery was no treat for the Indians in Saturday's game



Down the Missouri from Omaha and into the breach come three rookies: Jones, Motley and Hammeker

The Royals have also had some sticky incidents this year, but no more than last season, no more than any club has. Brett has taken out his frustrations twice this year, once on a UPI photographer and another time on the porcelain in the visitors' lavatory in Minnesota. Frey publicly embarrassed Wilson by yelling at him for not wearing a jacket for a flight to Seattle on May 24, and Wilson walked out of the airport, skipped the flight and didn't arrive in Seattle until the first game of the next day's doubleheader. First Baseman Willie Aikens was reportedly upset that Frey didn't name him to the All-Star team—Aikens was hitting .277 with 29 RBIs at the break, and, besides, he has a bonus clause in his contract for making the All-Star squad. Designated Hitter Hal McRae was quoted last week as saying he'd like to be traded, though it really was only an idle remark on his part. But such gripes are usually the aftereffects of losing, not the causes.

Before the Royals could find an answer to their problems, baseball's solons found one for them. As General Manager Joe Burke says, "I should get the Player of the Month award for making up a 12-game deficit in one day." But, as Quisenberry says, "It doesn't feel like a new season. It's still overcast in Cleveland. We're playing with real umpires, aren't we?" Seriously, folks, Quisenberry, who gives straight answers about as often as he throws an overhand curveball, welcomes the second chance. "In the first half we felt pressure to duplicate what we did last year. Now I feel we should be scrounging for whatever we can. Instead of saying, 'We're so good that we'll come out of it,' we can go back to scrounging for wins."

Frey sees signs of life in the Royals. "You can tell when a club takes the field how it's feeling," he says. "We're running a little harder, playing defense a little sharper, showing that extra spark." Although they lost three of four games with Baltimore to start the second season, the Royals outscored the Orioles 16–9. They just had a little of the bad luck left over from the first half. In the sixth inning of the last game of the series, Baltimore

continued

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VOLKSWAGEN DOES IT AGAIN

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Otis, bunting here for a base hit, didn't believe Kansas City could recover from its pre-strike ills.

Third Baseman Doug DeCinces hit a smash down the third-base line that Brett stopped with his right thumb. "I was just praying that the next batter wouldn't hit it to me," he said after the game. "I seriously was thinking about throwing the ball lefthanded." The injury was diagnosed as a bruise on the distal point of his thumb, and Brett was held out of the first two games of the ensuing Cleveland series. With the Orioles ahead 2–1 in the eighth and a runner on first with no one out, Wilson hit a screamer to Al Bumbry in center. "Last year that ball would have been in the gap for a triple," says Frey. The one encouraging sign for the Royals in that game was the work of rookie lefthander Atlee Hammaker, who pitched four innings of shutout ball.

Hammaker, Mike Jones, another lefthander, and Rightfielder Darryl Motley were all brought up from a very strong Omaha club to help the Royals out in the second season. "It's good to have new faces," says Quisenberry. "It just makes the rest of us play better. I remember when I came up in '79 I didn't exactly overwhelm anybody, but I did pitch well enough to make the other pitchers bear down a little more." On Friday night Jones, who's something of a bear, survived a shaky first inning to beat the Indians 4–1 with the help of Renie Martin's three innings of one-hit relief. Martin is due to get married on Oct. 23, unless the World Series interferes, but that isn't the Royal Wedding everybody has been talking about. Wilson was his old self in Friday night's game against Cleveland, going 4 for 4 and setting up two runs with stolen bases.

The Royals received more encouraging news on Saturday. Dennis Leonard held the Indians to three runs before relinquishing the ball to Quisenberry in the eighth. The underhanded reliever had been getting into a lot of Quisenberry jams in the early part of the season, and had just recovered his stuff when the strike began. Quisenberry got the last out of the eighth, and in the ninth he made three Indians beat the ball into the ground. His sinker was obviously its old self. Final score, Royals 5–3.

On Sunday the Royals made it three in a row, winning the first game of a doubleheader 6–2 and losing the second 8–6. The split gave them a 4–4 record for the second season and put them in a fourth-place tie in the AL West. In the victory, White had a three-run homer, and starter Larry Gura went six innings before giving way to Ken Brett, who got the save. Ken's little brother George returned to the lineup with a sacrifice fly, a single and his second homer of the year, a three-run shot in the second game off Len Barker. McRae, who had three hits Saturday, stayed hot, rapping out four hits in the Sunday games to make his overall average .278 and his second-season average .472. At the suggestion of Batting Coach Rick Renick, McRae has started striding into the ball more, with obvious results.

After Saturday's game McRae had pondered the differences between last year's Royals and the commoners of the first half of this year. "When a club is winning, a guy can make a bonehead play, and everybody says, 'Who cares?' If you can laugh about your screwups, you're in good shape. But when you're losing, you can't joke around. Everybody selects his words very carefully. The catch that Willie made today—last year, guys would have been rolling around on the floor of the dugout. Somebody would have been whistling one of those circus songs, and somebody else would have been juggling balls."

When Wilson got back to the dugout after making his juggling catch, he said he heard someone say, "Hey, Wilson, put a tent on that circus." They weren't rolling in the dugout, but it was a start. **END**

When Wilson is hitting and stealing, the Royals have the vital spark they missed during the Series.





THE FEARSOME FOURSOME

The Morris brothers of Ayer, Mass. are perhaps the most spectacular quartet of siblings who ever laced up football cleats and track spikes

by DOUGLAS S. LOONEY

When Syracuse University Running Back Joe Morris came home to Ayer, Mass. the other day for a respite before submitting himself to the rigors of August football practice, his mother greeted him, unseen, from elsewhere in the house. "Joe, clean your feet," she hollered.

"Yes, ma'am."

"And don't mess up my kitchen."

"Yes, ma'am."

"And wash your dishes."

"Yes, ma'am."

"And close the door unless you want to pay my electricity bill."

"Yes, ma'am."

So it was that Joe Morris, 20, the leading rusher in the history of Syracuse football (3,105 yards and this year still to play) was welcomed home. This was the same Joe Morris who had—in three seasons, including 1980, when he was hurt and missed five of the 11 games—eclipsed all the rushing records of the great Syracuse backs before him. Jim Brown (2,091 yards), who went on to establish the NFL career rushing record of 12,312 yards; the late Ernie Davis (2,386 yards), the Heisman Trophy winner who in 1959 led the Orange to their only national championship; Floyd Little (2,704 yards); and Larry Csonka (2,934 yards). Morris also shattered Csonka's single-game school rushing record (216 yards against West Virginia in 1965) by blitzing Kansas for 252 yards in 1979.

Measured against this crowd, Jim Nance, who led pro football in rushing (1,458 yards in 1966) after completing his Syracuse career, and John Mackey, a running back briefly at Syracuse before becoming an All-Pro tight end for the Baltimore Colts and being voted the All-Time Team's outstanding tight end in 1969 by the Hall of Fame selectors, are also-rans.

So, Joe, how does it feel to be in this kind of company?

"Well, that's some company to be in, but, really, I'm not in it."

How do you compare with them?

"I won't compare," Morris says, "because I don't compare."

But, of course, he does. No less an authority than Ben Schwartzwalder, the Syracuse coach for 25 years, who retired after the 1973 season and who coached all the great Orange backs except Mor-



Here they are stepping out on the track, from left, Joe, 20, Larry, 19, Mike, 18, and Jamie, 16. And in the same order (below) lugging footballs, which the three older boys will do at Syracuse this year

ris, says, "He is in their class, yes sir. He's like something out of a cannon."

A Lowell, Mass. newspaper reporter wrote, "Joe Morris is not able to leap tall buildings in a single bound. He does, however, give a speeding bullet a good run for its money." And he gives every other back in the country a good run for his money. In fact, if only Syracuse were a better football team—the Orangemen may have to play above their heads to achieve a .500 mark this year—Morris would be an even-money Heisman pick.

In sum, Joe Morris—so tough, so fast, so strong, so willing, so straight, so modest, so dedicated—ranks among the very best all-round football players in the land. He is, however, perhaps only the fourth best player in his own family. True. If they chose up sides in the Morris family, Joe just might be the last choice. Nobody understands that better than Joe, who, when told once by a reporter, "You're the greatest," responded, "No, sir, I'm just the latest."

These days he's even losing his grip on being the latest, because two of his three brothers are scholarship football players as freshmen at Syracuse. Larry Morris, 19, is a devastating runner who obliterated Joe's rushing records at Ayer High. Larry got 5,758 yards; Joe had a school-record 3,367. Larry scored 72 touchdowns, Joe 49. Mike Morris, 18, is an ex-

continued





Earl and Addie keep their sons firmly in line



Joe pulls duty feeding his sister Wanda's son

traordinarily fast sprinter who runs holes in the wind (he broke all of Joe's track records at Ayer) but loves football best.

Then there's Jamie, 16, a 5′ 6½″, 155-pound 10th-grader this fall, who has everything his brothers have—only more. When Joe was a senior at Ayer High, he ran a creditable 51.2 440; last year, as a freshman, Jamie broke Joe's school record with a 48.9, and he wasn't going all-out.

In fact, every one of Joe's football records and every one of Joe's track records at Ayer have been broken by his brothers. "I ain't got nothing left," sighs Joe from a green and white sofa at home.

"Joe," hollers his mother, Addie, "you know you ain't supposed to sit on that sofa."

"Yes, ma'am."

"Joe. . . ."

"Yes, ma'am."

"Joe, I've been hearing you talk."

"Yes, ma'am."

"And you're the best one. Always have been, always will be."

"Thanks, Mom." And he allows himself a small smile. Actually, there are a lot of smiles in this family of flat-out incredible athletes, headed by father Earl, a no-nonsense former Army sergeant who believes in nothing but straight lines and 90-degree corners, and a similarly no-nonsense mother, who had a go at basketball and softball back in North Carolina and who can strike fear in *any* heart with her tongue or with her eyes.

"I think all this 'yes, ma'am, no, ma'am' stuff is old-fashioned," says Addie, "but Earl seems to like it." Still, for all the discipline, there is a lot of love on Markham Circle in Condo 2A. It's a mixture of *Ozzie and Harriet* ("Hi, Mom. Hi, Dad. Hi, Joe. Hi, Larry. Hi, Mike. Hi, Jamie. What's for dinner?"), *Father Knows Best* and Norman Rockwell.

Indeed, it's impossible to overstate the role of the family in any evaluation of the athletic success of the Morris boys. Ayer High athletic director Chet Steele says, "The good Lord gave these boys some pretty decent ability and a damned outstanding family to grow up in." The Morrises are outstanding not because they're smart, not because they're rich, but because They Are a Family. The boys behave, they study and they play sports. That's it. When they're not in school or at sport, the boys are always home. "I just like to sit around and talk to my mom," says Joe. "The best thing I can say about my parents is they made us better human beings than they did football players."

Earl grew up tough and, he says, "on relief" in St. Louis, the son of a man not often on the scene. Earl has done a lot of physical things. During his 28 years in the Army, he was Airborne and a Green Beret and a sprinter, he was blinded in his right eye by a hand grenade and landed a plane in Vietnam after the pilot was shot. He once tried selling air conditioners door to door but didn't do well because people would say, "What's wrong with using my fan?" Earl, being an honest sort, would say, "Nothing. Actually, I prefer a fan myself." After leaving the sales job, he began looking for another job through the unemployment office; instead, he was offered an unemployment check, which made him furious. "I want to work," he stormed. "I don't want no handouts." Today he is a clerk at the Groton, Mass. post office and taking a business course at night at Mt. Wachusett Community College. "I think it will help me in the future," he says. "Besides, I can't get no dumber, and knowledge is power."

He constantly gets after his sons, telling them, "If you can make a B, you can make an A." In truth, the Morrises aren't strong students. They are pluggers. As Owen Kilcoyne, a former Ayer football coach who has coached all the Morrises, says, "They work very hard to be average in the classroom." Sitting at the dining room table (the same kind of yellow tablecloth with white polka dots that Rockwell used to love), Earl says to one of the boys, "The shortest pencil is better than the longest memory." He says, "None of these boys is my favorite. Or maybe I should say, they all are. The point is, I have always told them that if they want to be as good as anybody else, get an education and go prove it. Don't just sit around talking about it." Not one of the boys had a driver's license while growing up in Ayer, a scruffy little town 25 miles northwest of Boston that does considerable damage to the storybook image of New England villages. Why no license? "Well," says Joe, "there was no place I wanted to go." Jamie shakes his head and says, "Joe walked, Larry walked, Mike walked, I walk." Unspoken is the feeling that Wanda, one of two older sisters, squandered an athletic ca-

reer on the rise when she decided to get a car, then went to work to pay for it. Last month Joe became the first of the brothers to get a license.

Larry and Mike didn't go to a graduation dinner last spring because they had a track meet the next day. The boys take turns doing dishes and, mercy sakes, don't argue about whose turn it is.

And, most of all, they don't get in trouble. Oh, well, there was the time, Larry recalls, when his friends got some plywood out of a garage when they lived in Fort Devens (the military post which is the reason for Ayer's existence) to build a tree house. But Larry said, "No, that's Mr. Johnson's plywood. We're putting it back in his garage." As they were returning it, Mr. Johnson appeared and could not ascertain the direction of flow of his plywood. Well, anyway, that's what Larry says and if you believe that, you'll believe water runs uphill. Unfortunately, Mr. Johnson believed water runs downhill. And once Joe helted a classmate in the cafeteria because the fellow put a fly in Joe's hamburger. But really it amounted to nothing.

Jamie, what if you got arrested?

"Whether I had done it or not, I'd say, 'I'm guilty, handcuff me, put me in jail, I'll serve my time. But don't tell my father.'"

But what would happen when you didn't show up at home?

"I would just tell the police to report me as a missing person—but don't tell my father."

As Norman Parker, a local resident, was saying over coffee in downtown Ayer, "The Morrises don't hang out, they work out. They're not like all the other kids."

That's because Earl and Addie didn't want them to be like the other kids. While Earl served in Texas and Germany and Vietnam, Addie stayed home in North Carolina. Then, in 1972, they all got together at Fort Devens. Says Joe, "I remember my dad getting up at 5:30 a.m. and polishing his boots, and I asked him why he spent so much time on that. He said, 'Because I want to be the best soldier I can be.'" That lesson wasn't lost on the always observant Joe, who says, "When you're a Morris, you know second is never good enough."

Riding through Ayer the other day, he looked around and said to himself,

continued

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Joe (47) has already surpassed the Syracuse rushing achievements of Brown, Davis, Little and Csonka

"Yup, yup, no change. No change. Yup, there it is. Right there. No change." Explaining later, Joe said, "My father also taught me that if you want to talk to someone really intelligent, talk to yourself." And he excused himself so he could talk further to himself.

Mostly, the Morrises leave the opposition talking to itself. The Morris dynasty started when Joe started playing football at Southern Pines, N.C., in elementary school, but when he got to Ayer as a seventh-grader he took a look at the level of competition and wanted nothing to do with it.

Too good?

"No, sir," says Joe. "Too bad."

He didn't resume his football career until ninth grade at Ayer, and then he ran for 998 yards and 15 touchdowns. By the time he was a junior, he was really rolling. Says Kilcoyne, "You could sense he was in charge of his own destiny." Never did Joe, or subsequently any of his brothers, ever miss one day of practice. "See, everybody wants to win on Saturday," says Kilcoyne, "but only a few want to win during the week. The Morrises want to win during the week."

And Joe was a star, the hottest thing Ayer had ever seen. As team captain, Kilcoyne says, Joe took his job so seriously that "he held more meetings than President Roosevelt." Joe was offended by the use of the word "scrubs" for the lesser talents. He therefore ordered it deleted from the Ayer vocabulary, substituting what he thought more appropriate: "starters designate."

College recruiters, however, didn't take Joe as seriously as he took the sport. The biggies were put off by his size—5′ 7″, 180 pounds—and that limited the bidding to the likes of Syracuse, Boston College and New Hampshire. Syracuse, struggling after the Schwartzwalder era ended, was willing to take a chance on Joe's quick feet. "Size isn't very important," says Joe, understandably. "Actually, I'm a 6′ 3″, 240-pound running back but I just happen to be inside this 5′ 9″ body that now weighs 195. The most important thing is that nobody playing is trying harder than me."

And it's a good thing that Joe is full up with try, for there has been much adversity since he arrived at Syracuse. Several times he wanted to leave, but his mother snarled, "You big baby. You stay there and grow up." But during Joe's stay the teams haven't been good (3–8, 6–5, 5–6), which led to a change of coaches (Frank Maloney was replaced by Dick MacPherson), and because of construction of the new Carrier Dome, the Orange had to play the entire 1979 season on the road. Then, last year, Joe missed three games because of a bruised shoulder in the heart of the season, including the one with Penn State. He came back but was ineffectual against Rutgers and Pitt, and then broke his right collarbone in a game with Navy. This year, with a pro contract waiting at the end of the rainbow (rainbows always follow storms, Earl would say), Joe knows he must demonstrate that he's durable enough to take on the big boys of the NFL.

In the meantime, here comes Larry. Ah, Larry. "A clone of Joe," thought Owen Kilcoyne when he first saw him,

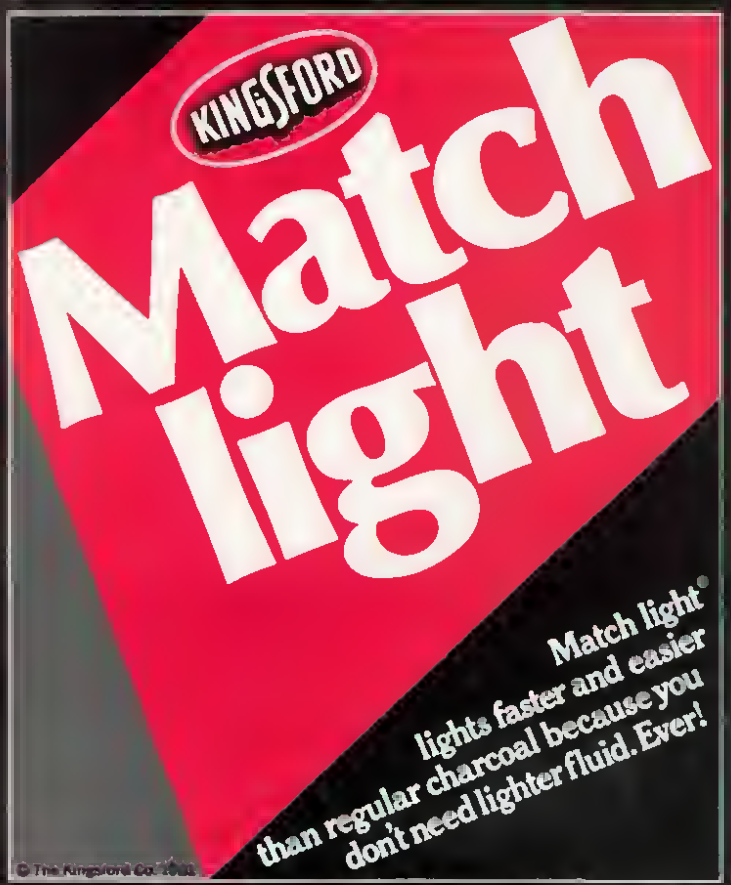


Kilcoyne's Ayer Panthers were 51–9–1 and won three league titles with Jamie, Joe, Larry and Mike

continued



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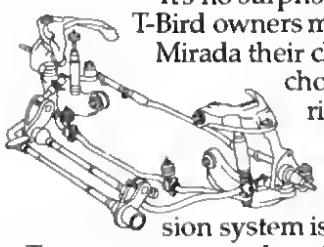
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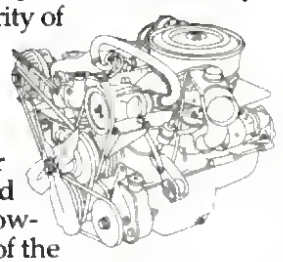


It's no surprise that T-Bird owners made Mirada their clear choice for riding comfort. The suspension system is unique. Transverse mounted torsion bar front springs—located ahead of the front wheels and rubber mounted—isolate the shock of bumps and pot holes from the car. You'll appreciate how little fatigue and tension you feel after a long day's drive.

Concern with human physiology is as much a part of Chrysler engineering as is the geometry of a car's suspension. Mirada's driver oriented interior provides bucket seats contoured to hold you comfortably for hour after hour behind the wheel.

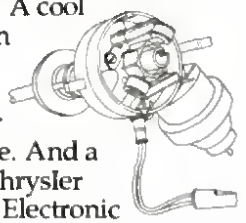
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†Sticker price excluding taxes and destination charges. †† These options may require the purchase of additional optional equipment. Buy or lease at your Dodge dealer.

"only better than the original." Larry, the quietest in a very quiet family, tried to *avoid playing football as a kid* "because I didn't like getting hit, especially by Joe. They'd tell me to take the ball and run through the line. I'm not stupid, so I'd take the ball and run around end." Joe would be miffed. "Come on, Larry, these guys are just big," said big brother. "They can't hit." Whereupon in a scrimmage with Hudson High, one of their big guys crushed Larry. "Joe," he said, "you're a liar."

Once, at practice, Kilcoyne told Larry, who's 5′ 7½″, 178 pounds, "That's a little bit more than Joe did." Said Larry, "That's good." And while Joe is a better broken-field runner and can cut better, Larry is more aggressive, *more devastating*. Yet, at Syracuse there will be emphasis on getting Larry to use his speed to challenge defenders in a footrace to the corner rather than to juke a defensive back, then duck inside. "I'm going to tell him," says MacPherson, "that he may be only fourth fastest in his family but that there aren't many people outside his family who can beat him."



College recruiters have their eyes on Jamie (left), pro scouts on Joe.

At Ayer, Larry knocked over Joe's football records laughing. Another example: Joe held the single-game rushing mark at 315 yards; Larry did 355. In his senior year Larry scored 36 touchdowns, while Joe had 22 in his best season. Larry's problem was that he was too good. On five occasions he scored in a game the first time he got the ball. The games were such romps (Ayer was 11–0 in 1980 and the Division II Central Mass. Super Bowl champ) that in the first four, Larry got to carry only 21 times as Kilcoyne tried to avoid running up the score.

"I don't know what's going to happen at Syracuse," says Larry, "but the main thing is I don't want to embarrass Joe by playing bad." Joe laughs and says of his Syracuse rushing record, "That one will stand forever—until Larry gets his chance. Then there I'll go again."

Which brings us to Mike, 5′ 10″, 165 pounds. He ended up being a freshman at Syracuse with Larry because Earl Morris decided Larry should repeat fourth grade. "Teacher just kept promoting Larry," says Earl, "and he just kept getting dumber. That didn't make no sense." But that meant Mike, also a running back, didn't get to carry the ball as much (*only* 1,216 yards as a senior at Ayer and a paltry 15 touchdowns). MacPherson plans to make Mike a wide receiver for the Orange because of his speed.

At Ayer, he destroyed Joe's track records so *completely that big brother's* marks look as if he had to stop and ask directions en route. Joe did a 9.7 100; Mike was 9.2. Joe ran a 220 in 21.9; Mike had a 20.9. Joe was on a 440-yard relay team that clocked a 43.4; Mike was on a team—which included Larry and Jamie—that did 41.2. Mike went to the New England championships and ran a 10.36 in the 100 meters, better than the then-listed National Federation record of 10.4 set by Darren Walker (the senior Stanford running back who, like brother Joe, is a long-shot Heisman candidate). Later, at *an invitational in Naperville*, Ill., Mike ran a 10.34.

For reasons he can't put his finger on, Kilcoyne thinks Mike may turn out to be the best football player of all the Morrises. "If he grows, plus all that speed, he's going to be unbelievable," says Kilcoyne. "There is something latent there." Some would say that, with his running potential, Mike should focus his attention on the Olympics, but he demurs: "I love football too much."

Sitting around home talking ("Mike, you're not on the sofa, are you?" "No, ma'am"), Mike says, "Do you know why all of us try so hard?"

No.

"*Because Joe tries so hard.* And do you understand why I want Jamie to do better than me?"

No.

"Because he's my brother."

Ah, yes, blood is thicker than anything.

Big brother Joe says, "Jamie is the true thoroughbred of all the Morrises. I dominated the other guys I played with and against. Jamie towers—I mean *towers*—over everybody."

Jamie's former Ayer track coach, Bruce Cobleigh, who is now coaching in Cocoa Beach, Fla., says, "Every one of the Morrises worked like a dog when he was a freshman, and from then on. But I have to say Jamie worked harder than any of his brothers. It's as if Jamie has nary a wart. While the other Morrises don't pass a baton well, for example, Jamie does. *His* acceleration is stunning. An area newspaper ran an out-of-focus picture of Jamie and tried to explain it away with a caption saying that the youngest Morris 'is just a blur as he runs down the sideline. . . .' "

At Ayer, where freshmen are viewed with skepticism, Joe didn't start on the varsity his first year, nor did Larry, nor did Mike. Jamie did. "I don't have a choice," he says. "My mom and dad are pushing, my brothers are pushing—

continued


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and, most important, I'm pushing."

How do you compare to Joe?

"My feet are bigger. I'm 9½, he's 9."

How did all of you guys get so fast?

"There's just something inside of us that pushes it out."

What kind of guy plays great football?

"The kind who doesn't get enough of it—like me."

Are you going to be the best?

"I might."

Jamie seems to inspire unfinished sentences. Says Joe, "If his head don't swell, well...." Larry says, "But compared to Jamie...." And Kilcoyne says, "With all of them, you just run out of adjectives, but with Jamie...."

Yet, for all of this, the point is Joe has done it. The other brothers are talking about doing it. Or more correctly, others are talking about their doing it. There's a big gulf there, one not forded by many an able athlete in similar circumstances. But considering their God-given speed—nobody makes a 9.2 sprinter out of a plow horse—eyes glaze at the possibilities. Imagine a Saturday afternoon in the Carrier Dome this fall with Joe Morris and Larry Morris at running back, Mike Morris at wide receiver, the secondary giving ground and the cornerbacks dropping off and the crowd going nuts—and Jamie Morris back in Ayer, aching to show them all how it's really done. It's O.K. to dream. It's been approved by the FDA.

Meanwhile, Joe is thinking about his family and his life. "I know I have a holier-than-thou image," he says. "I don't smoke, drink, party, fight in bars. My favorite corner in Syracuse is the one where Baskin-Robbins is. But life is based on winning, and I feel I can win more with my life-style than others can with theirs. And I fear failure. That's what drives me on. Yes sir, I think that every one of my brothers will be better than me. But I'm not jealous. I'm just happy that they're my brothers."

Now he's leaving Ayer, and his mother says, "I'm not going to kiss you goodby."

"Why?"

"Because you always cry."

"Right, Mom."

"Joe."

"Yes, ma'am."

"Close the door."

"Yes, ma'am." **END**

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Bjorn Borg, who by common consent has been the best tennis player in the world for most of the past five years, has never won the U.S. Open championship. Nine times, beginning at the tender age of 16 in 1972, the Swedish wonderstroker with the iron will and the matchless competitive temperament has made a late summer visit to Queens and nine times he has departed with his trophy satchel empty. On four of those occasions—the last four—he arrived as the top seed, and on three his motivation was further enhanced by his pursuit of the third leg of the celebrated Grand Slam of tennis—the French, British, American and Australian titles. His quest has persisted through a change of venue from Forest Hills to Flushing Meadow and not one, not two, but three separate court surfaces—grass, clay and the rubberized asphalt now in use. And every time he has failed. Going into this year's Open, Borg remains one of the finest tennis players on the planet, having won titles in every corner of the globe except Queens. He is No. 2 after his '81 Wimbledon defeat by John McEnroe but, as he stated recently in England, his fondest wish is to gain the U.S. Open title.

Given his record at the other major championships, especially six French Opens and five All-England championships at Wimbledon, Borg's frustration at the U.S. Open becomes all the more puzzling. The man can obviously win anywhere, on any continent, on surfaces as soft as butter or as slick as patent leather, and in any atmosphere save possibly a preemptive nuclear strike. He makes enough money hitting tennis balls to keep himself and his family in luxury for life. He holds an edge in career matchups against every one of his rivals—Connors, McEnroe, Gerulaitis, Vilas, Tanner, Mayer, Lendl—and the sight of his banded brow and stern visage across the net is so awesome that most opponents have trouble thinking positively even when they're up two sets and ahead 4–1 in the third.

COVER PHOTO BY RUSSELL KELLY/FOCUS IN SPORTS

CHUCK KUHLSTOCK/FOCUS IN SPORTS



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Though analogies with other sports are admittedly imprecise, an avid baseball fan might better appreciate the significance of Borg's failure at the Open if he thought of Reggie Jackson firing nothing but blanks in a lifetime of trying to hit home runs at Fenway Park. Impossible—or almost, anyway.

One of the few athletes who can empathize with Borg is Sam Snead, the sweet-swinging golfer who never won the U.S. Open golf title in spite of a Borgian record at the other major championships. In Snead's case, as in Borg's, so persistent and mystifying were the frustrations that the specter of sinister and unknown forces was sometimes raised. Was there some demon nudging Snead in 1939 at the Philadelphia Country Club in West Conshohocken, Pa. when he came to the last hole at the Open needing a 5 to win and a 6 to tie—and took an 8? Or in 1947 at the St. Louis Country Club in Clayton, Mo. when he and Lew Worsham were tied coming up the 72nd fairway, both having short putts to make from about the same distance, and Snead missed while Worsham didn't? Did the devil seize his elbow? Both Snead and Borg have finished second more times than they care to acknowledge. Snead was runner-up in 1937, 1947, 1949 and 1953, while Borg lost in the finals in 1976, 1978 and 1980.

And there's a parallel to the Borg-and-the-U.S. Open phenomenon in the tennis world, too. As Arthur Ashe points out, "You know, Ken Rosewall never won Wimbledon [men's singles] and he was a great player with a great record in the other championships."

Unlike Snead and Rosewall, however, Borg is still laboring on the sunny side of the hill. Only 25 now, the man NBC sports commentator Bud Collins calls the "angelic assassin" might well have reached his peak just last Friday or, even more awful for his foes to contemplate, he might not be there yet. The great Bill Tilden, an equally deadly if perhaps less angelic competitor, was 27 when he won the







In '80, Borg (left) lost to John McEnroe in his ninth attempt to win the U.S. Open. Ken Rosewall (left below), the Australian ace, never won the men's singles at Wimbledon, despite gaining a number of coveted titles. In golf, the great Sam Snead (below) spent many years of his long career unsuccessfully pursuing the U.S. Open Golf championship while winning the Masters and the British and Canadian Opens.



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first of his seven U.S. grass-court titles. Borg will clearly have many more cracks at the Open, a fact that he is quick to point out. "Isn't it amazing that they're writing me off?" he said of some wrong-thinking scribes after his defeat in last year's tournament. "I've got five more years at least."

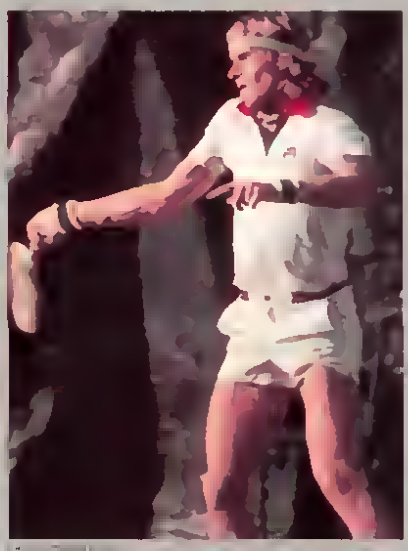
Most tennis sages believe that Borg will win sooner or later, and probably sooner *and* later:

"It's just a matter of time," says Ashe. "He'll win it, and not just once, but several times." Bill Talbert thinks Borg will win the Open—"and I hope so, too. He's such a great champion that his should be one of the names on our trophy." So does Tony Trabert, who says, "You've got to bet on him every year and every time he goes on the court." Eugene (Gene) Scott, an articulate Borg partisan who has collaborated on a book with the Swede, *Bjorn Borg: My Life and Game*, is certain that Borg's reversals in Queens have been due to a series of accidents and unfortunate circumstances. "The question shouldn't be why he hasn't won the Open," Scott says, "but why he's won so many Wimbledons. People don't realize what a miracle his record at Wimbledon is, how *serious* that is. I suppose it's possible that he'll never win the U.S. Open, but I think he will, and I hope he does—so it will end the nonsense that he *can't* win it." Far from viewing New York as enemy terrain, Scott says, Borg likes it well enough that he now has a lavish home in Sands Point (*sans* tennis courts), not far from his friend Vitas Gerulaitis' high-toned digs. "He loves New York," Scott says.

But if Bjorn's Nordic heart does indeed melt for New York, his trips to one of its boroughs have been most unrewarding. He has been ambushed so many different ways at the Open that it would be extraordinary if he weren't just a tad gun-shy—if only the slightest bit—in his own implacable and superhuman way. Scott tends to resist any suggestion that Borg is mortal. "He is psychologically less apt to get psyched than any other human I know."

The many faces of Bjorn Borg at the U.S. Open: Borg in the '80 finals (previous page), returns a John McEnroe blast in the last set. From left below: In '73, only 17, and already ranking 18th in the world, Borg plays Nikki Pilic. In the '76 finals, seeded second, Borg is thrown off pace by Jimmy Connors. In '77, suffering acute shoulder pain, Borg is forced to retire from the Open in the middle of his match with Dick Stockton.







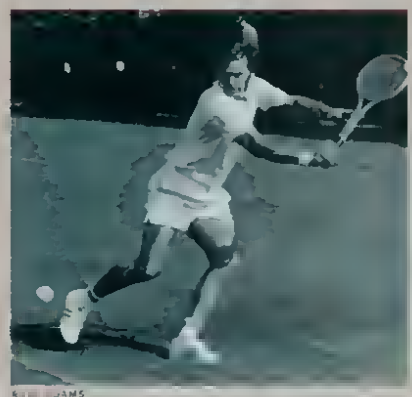
he says. But even Borg has to wonder if something goes awry—metabolically, spiritually, astrologically, biorhythmically, God knows what—when he strides onto a court in Queens. "I don't know what's inside his gut, nobody does," Scott concedes. "Maybe he does believe that he'll get a let or a bad call or something will happen to keep him from winning the Open every year, but I think he's better equipped to handle that kind of psych than anyone else I know."

Last year, when Borg suffered a knee injury at the Canadian Open on the eve of the Flushing Meadow shootout, it sounded like Superman himself was wavering. "As soon as I come over here," he lamented, "something goes wrong." For the unemotional Borg that was the equivalent of seven days at the wailing wall. This year, will his well-publicized back and shoulder troubles or some unforeseen mishap pose yet another obstacle to his goal? Is Borg's career chart at the U.S. Open, as Scott suggests, a chronicle of ragged fortune and untoward circumstances—or is it (deep slash on the violin here) something *else*? Is there some kind of Borg "jinx" at the Open? Must he forever wonder when and how it will strike next? Is Bjorn the Magnificent doomed to be the Sam Snead of U.S. Open tennis? Well, as losing candidates often say, let's look at the record.

1972 Already a Davis Cup veteran and the Wimbledon junior champ at 16, Borg runs into a still-formidable Roy Emerson in the preliminary round at Forest Hills and succumbs in four sets. One of the ballboys for this match is a pink-cheeked 13-year-old youngster named John McEnroe.

1973 At Wimbledon a mob of teen-aged girls surrounds Borg on a street and knocks him down





Bjorn Borg (right and below) was a Wimbledon junior champ and Davis Cup player at the age of 16 when he played against Roy Emerson (far right and bottom) in the preliminaries of the '72 U.S. Open at Forest Hills. Emerson was 35 years old at the time, but young Bjorn had not yet developed the strong serve that he needed to beat the veteran player, and Borg was defeated 7–5, 6–7 6–4, 6–4






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He confesses that he is somewhat taken aback by this mass molestation "as I lay there with the girls all over me," but he finds charity in his heart. "It was fun, too," he adds, "to be appreciated." Roger Taylor treats the fifth-seeded Borg just as roughly in the fourth round of a Wimbledon tournament boycotted by most of the top players because of a dispute between the International Tennis Federation and the Association of Tennis Professionals as to whether or not players are free agents. At Forest Hills he survives a shaky start to beat Roy Barth in five, then insults the third-seeded Arthur Ashe in the third round in four sets. This turns out to be the first and last time that Borg will defeat a higher-ranked player at the Open. Nikki Pilic disposes of Borg in the next round and then grouses about Bjorn's teeny-bopper fans. "It's tough to be cool when you double-fault and they applaud," Pilic says. Still a bit uncomfortable with the press, Borg skips his post-match interview.

1974 Borg wins his first major titles, the Italian and French, and becomes the youngest man ever to win a tournament toward the Grand Slam. Seeded fourth (behind Connors, Newcombe and Smith) at Forest Hills, he wins over Victor Amaya in the first round and then loses a tough five-setter in the second to Vijay Amritraj, whose favorite surface is grass. Bjorn's reputation for playing his best when he's behind is already giving his foes something to think about. "I was more worried after I won the first two sets because I realize how great Borg can become when he's down," says Amritraj afterward. Borg seems to collapse, however, when he's behind 4–2 in the fifth set. He double-faults at match point.

1975 A maturing Borg again captures the French title. His prospects of winning at Forest Hills are enhanced as the stadium grass





In '73, Bjorn was roaring. He tumbled No. 3 Arthur Ashe 6–7, 6–4, 6–4. The defeat of Ashe, the '68 U.S. Open winner, was a surprise to the Forest Hills crowd and even to Borg himself, who said of Ashe, "His volleys were off." But then along came the lefthanded Yugoslavian star, Nikki Pilic (right with Borg), with the well-known savage serve, who ended Borg's chances of advancement in that year's contest

is plowed under and replaced with clay. Seeded fifth, he roars to easy victories in the first three rounds and overcomes 37-year-old Rod Laver in the fourth. He outlasts Eddie Dibbs in a fiercely contested three-hour quarterfinal, 6–4, 7–6, 4–6, 7–6. Dibbs suffers from cramps so severe that he has to serve underhand in one game, but he refuses to quit. In the semis Borg collides with an aroused Jimmy Connors, who detects a pattern in the Swede's seeing-eye passing shots. "Every time he passed me in the beginning," says Jimmy, "it was on a helluva shot. After 30 of these shots it began to dawn on me—they were all hit down the line. When I realized this I was there when it counted to cut them off." Borg is cut off by scores of 7–5, 7–5, 7–5. Connors will retain the edge in their rivalry for another two years.

1976 Overcoming a pulled stomach muscle with injections of a painkiller, Borg wins his first Wimbledon by rolling over Brian Gottfried, Guillermo Vilas, Roscoe Tanner and Ilie Nastase without the loss of a set. He lays off for seven weeks during the summer and is seeded second at Forest Hills, but he's in trouble early: Jaime Fillol serves for the match against him at 5–3 in the third set, but the Iceman stiffens and pulls it out. "A player who is used to winning *one-ornaments*," Borg says in his plain and earnest way, "usually he takes it." He defeats John Lloyd (now married to Chris Evert) 6–3, 6–3 in the third round. He is down two sets to none to Gottfried in the fourth round and escapes again. Gottfried almost expects him to. After another five-set victory over Manuel Orantes and a romp over Nastase, he duels Connors in a final which connoisseurs still regard as one of the most thrilling ever. Connors wins a furiously contested tiebreaker game to take the pivotal third set and goes on to win 6–4, 3–6, 7–6, 6–4. "We killed each other out there," Connors says. "Jimmy outgutted him," says tennis





Vijay Amritraj (left and below left) beat Borg (far left) in '74. Vijay took the first two sets, but Borg won the next two. However, Borg lost the fifth set when he double-faulted at match point. In '75, Jimmy Connors (below) beat Bjorn Borg (center below) 7–5, 7–5, 7–5 in the semifinals. Patience and self-control, stressed by his coach, Pancho Segura, may have been the determining factors in Jimmy Connors' victory.



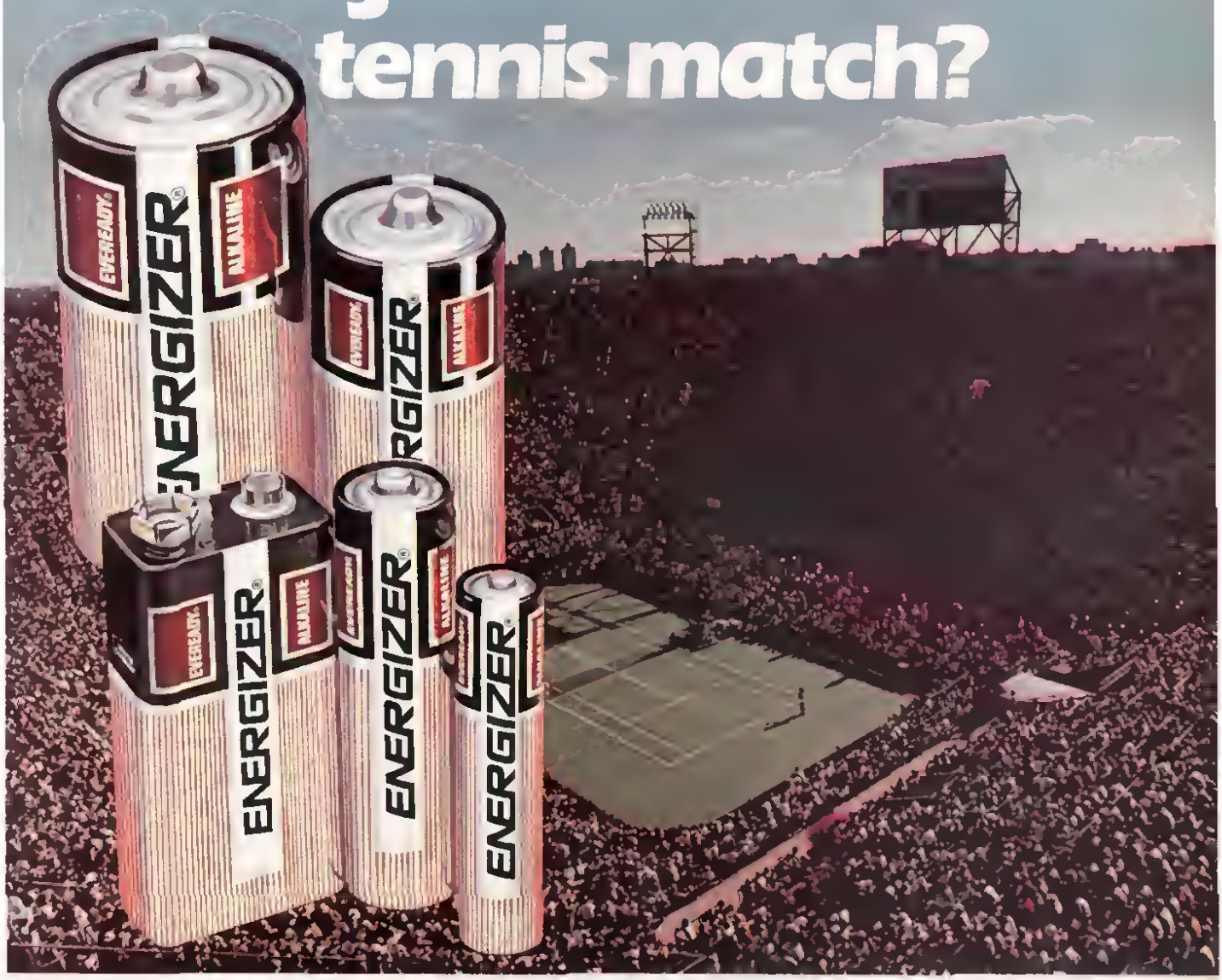








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expert Bud Collins. Borg calls the loss "my most bitter defeat."

1977 Armed now with a serve as ferocious as the rest of his game, Borg scores consecutive five-set victories over Gerulaitis and Connors to grab his second Wimbledon. His improved serve helps him edge ahead of Connors in their head-to-head confrontations even as a new kid, John McEnroe, makes a splashy debut at Wimbledon. But the forces of darkness overtake the top-seeded Borg on the eve of the U. S. Open: he strains a shoulder muscle while practicing (some whisper it was really while waterskiing on Long Island Sound). Playing in obvious pain, he manages straight-set wins in his first three matches—serving at half-speed. Pitted against Dick Stockton in the fourth round, he splits the first two sets and falls behind 1–0 in the third. At the changeover Borg gazes mournfully at his coach, Lennart Bergelin, rubs the offending, painful shoulder and throws his racket down in disgust. Forced to retire from the match, he's out of the Open again.

1978 "You have to remember that Borg is a European and Wimbledon means more to the Europeans than the U. S. Open does," Arthur Ashe points out. When Borg wins his third Wimbledon with a straight-set thrashing of Connors the question of his persistent failings at the Open becomes more difficult to ignore. "For sure I want it," Borg replies guilelessly. "It is the only important *tournament* I haven't won." (Let the Aussies, hosts of the other Grand Slam event he hasn't won, eat their Down Under hearts out.) But the pressure is greater this year. He's going for the Slam, after wins at Paris and London, and the U.S. Open has moved to the speedy hardcourts of Flushing Meadow. After he barely squeaks by Bernie Mitton in the third round of play, Borg sounds suspiciously—and





In the '76 finals, Borg met Connors (left) in a contest that Jimmy called "the best tennis I've ever played." Connors *won* by two games over Borg. Borg had more points, 123–121. Connors (center) savors his win. Borg (left below) sits pensively on the sidelines. In '77, Dick Stockton (top right) split two sets with Borg, before Bjorn signaled Coach Bergelin that he could no longer play due to a strained shoulder







uncharacteristically—like he's searching for an alibi. "Best of three-set matches are very risky, especially on a fast surface," he says. Wimbledon is all best of five, the French is played on a slow surface—is he psyching himself? Bergelin's complaints about nighttime matches sound a similar note; the list of excuses is growing. The Swede nevertheless sails by Harold Solomon, Raul Ramirez and Vitas Gerulaitis and once again finds himself nose to nose with Jimmy Connors in the finals. The only trouble—yep, another one—is that Borg has developed a terrible blister on the thumb of his racket hand. "It really bothered him, there was no question about it," says Tony Trabert. "I saw it," Gene Scott adds. "He shouldn't have played." He does, though, and Connors wins as decisively as Borg did at Wimbledon—6–4, 6–2, 6–2. "I wonder," Bud Collins muses, "I think the thumb injury might have been psychosomatic."

1979 It's another year, it's another Wimbledon. A triumphant Borg is becoming as common a sight at that grand old greensward as the spectators' umbrellas. This time the final-round victim is Roscoe Tanner, playing the match of his life, but still falling short. Borg conquers in Paris again as well, and the Slam talk is once more the buzz at the U.S. Open. He wins his first three matches with an average loss of 1.2 games per set, dispatches a pesky Stockton in the fourth round, and faces Tanner in the quarters in circumstances which seem diabolically designed to maximize his discomfort: he must play one of the game's most violent servers *on a fast surface at night*. "He has it in his mind that he doesn't see well enough under the lights," Trabert says. "And the way he swings, coming up like that, it may *be* more of a problem, because if he's off by only a fraction—

In '78, his jinx working overtime, Borg (below) had developed, while playing, a severe, suppurating blister on the thumb of his racket hand. After injections of morcaine, a painkiller, he unwisely decided—despite advice to the contrary—to go into the Open finals against an eager Jimmy Connors (right). The end result was that Connors beat Borg decisively—in three straight sets—6–4, 6–2, 6–2.





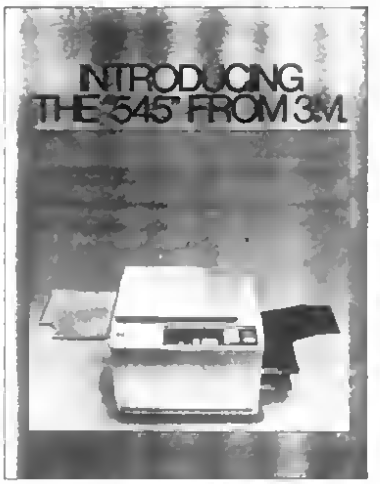
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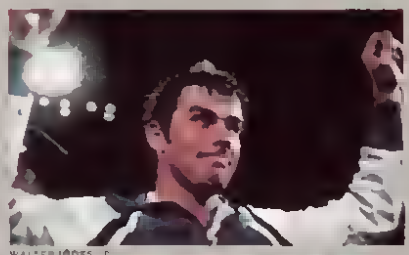
then he's in trouble," Tanner beats Borg in four, winning the final set in a tiebreaker. "Losing to Tanner was no fluke," Scott says. "If they played 10 times under the lights they'd probably each win five." There is speculation that Bergelin's constant carping about the injustice of night play may have nibbled at Borg's confidence. "He psyched out his own guy," says Peter Fleming, another player on the circuit.

1980 If it's a jinx it's no longer a New York jinx, because Borg wins the Grand Prix Masters over Gerulaitis at Madison Square Garden in January. This leaves only four more boroughs and assorted islands to conquer.

Borg wins Wimbledon over the ascendant McEnroe in a spectacular clash of contrasting styles and evenly distributed grit. He beats Gerulaitis in the French Open, so once more the Slam beckons. But at the Canadian Open in Toronto he hurts his knee—the hex again—and defaults the final to Ivan Lendl. Borg's injuries before the U.S. Open are beginning to seem predictable. Are they mental crutches? The journalists are writing that he cannot claim to be the best ever unless and until he wins the Open, and Borg appears to agree.

But it doesn't help almost every match this year is a struggle. John Sadri takes him to four sets, Paul McNamara does the same under the lights, and Tanner carries him to five in the quarters. He's winning, but the draw is breaking his way. He falls two sets behind before climbing all over the unseeded Johan Kriek in the semis while McEnroe and Connors slug it out in the other half. McEnroe wins over Borg in the final in a strange up-and-down five-setter that leaves both men feeling vaguely unsatisfied. "Borg played badly throughout the whole tournament," Gene Scott says, "and he still almost won. An expert on biorhythmics or astrology would have









Borg had beaten Tanner at Wimbledon in July of '79 after a two-hour-and-fifteen-minute contest. In September, at Flushing Meadow, Tanner met Borg again—and *under the lights*. This time Roscoe (far left) beat Bjorn (center) in four sets. Ever the power player, Tanner slammed a dozen aces plus 12 more shots which Borg returned weakly. Tanner (top) exults in victory while Borg (bottom) seems dejected in defeat.



"My wife and I could afford to build this house on both our salaries. "Then she died."

"Laurie's job meant a great deal to this family.

"With both of us working, it meant we could finally afford to give our kids a house to grow up in. A back yard to play in. And still be able to put some money away for the future.

"Then Laurie died.

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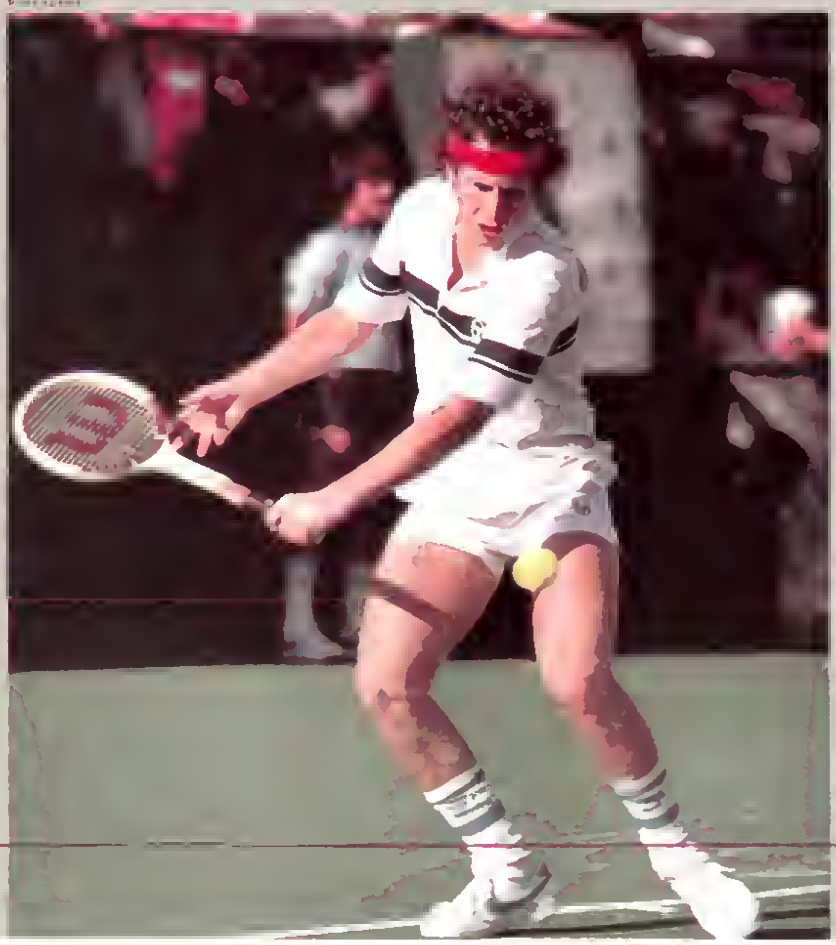
told him to stay in bed during the tournament. I've never seen him play worse." The Open, Borg says afterward, remains his primary ambition. Without it he cannot win the Grand Slam and he wants to achieve a record in tennis that others, who follow him, will find difficult to challenge.

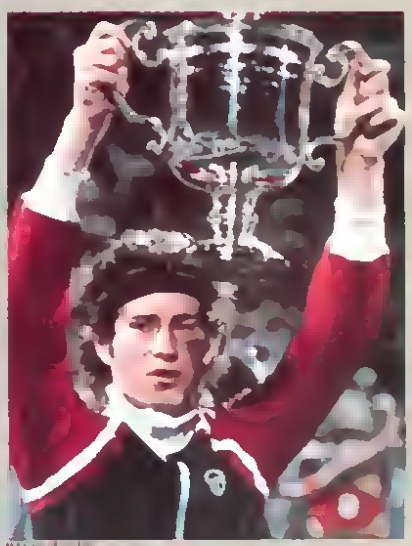
However, a note of defensiveness has crept into his tone when he speaks of the U.S. Open. He again wins the Masters early in 1981 and he is asked the inevitable "Open" question. "It's the only one I have left to win," Bjorn responds, "but I'm not crying every day if I don't win it." *Don't cry for me, Flushing Meadow*.

Hexes and jinxes aside, the fact that Borg has come so close so often and still failed at the Open undoubtedly affects his mind as he prepares for yet another try. "He can't keep losing and still think everything's O.K.," Trabert says. Almost everyone believes that he'll overcome, that he'll win the tournament eventually, but he hasn't, and it's possible to argue that the odds get longer each year—as Borg gets older, as his competition gets younger, as the pool of potential winners grows larger.

Gene Scott, his defender, can find a rational explanation for each of his failures—the shoulder in 1977, the thumb in 1978, Tanner and the lights in 1979, an "off" tournament in 1980. But Bill Talbert, Bud Collins and others wonder if those are just excuses and whether he's running out of same. Collins goes further. "I think there's a strong psychological block there, but more than that I don't think he prepares well for the Open. He ought to play a couple of tournaments on that surface [Deco-Turf II] beforehand. He comes over and plays one in Toronto and practices at Gerulaitis' house, but that's not enough. And he seems to play badly in the finals. He was still serving into the bottom of the net last year even after he caught McEnroe. I think the cumulative losses have an effect, and

In '80, the fans were rooting for Bjorn Borg against their own countryman, John McEnroe (below). "To beat him, I have to keep him pinned to the baseline. He is a master of the unexpected," says Bjorn of John McEnroe's triumph in the U.S. Open, after a four-hour-and-thirteen-minute battle, avenged his Wimbledon defeat by Borg, who that summer had won his fifth straight men's singles all-England title.





the facts he hasn't delivered." Borg is, apparently, mortal.

His record against Connors and McEnroe, his two most persistent pursuers during the past half-decade, supports the notion that something peculiar overtakes him at the Open. While he leads both of them in career matchups, in Queens he's 0–3 against Connors and 0–1 against McEnroe. In addition, the ascendance of McEnroe, along with such other upstarts as Ivan Lendl, Gene Mayer, Eliot Teltscher and Yannick Noah, raises a question as relevant to Borg as it is to every other great athlete: How long can he continue? The pressure from the 18- and 19-year-olds who emerge with remorseless regularity is enormous. If McEnroe doesn't deprive him of his dream of a U.S. Open title, it seems likely that one of the others will, and before too long, the numbers and the quality are simply too high to resist.

A final curious facet of the Borg-and-the-U.S. Open mystery is what might be called the "portside factor." Five of his last six losses at the Open have been to lefthanders—three to Connors and once each to Tanner and McEnroe. We seem to be living in an era of southpaw domination of the tournament—the last righthander to win the Open was John Newcombe in 1973. Since then it's been Connors, Orantes, Vilas and McEnroe—lefties all. There's the real hex, and the solution for Borg is simplicity itself: learn to play lefthanded, and the Open will be his. He could probably do it.

by DONALD DALE JACKSON



WALTER IOOSS JR.

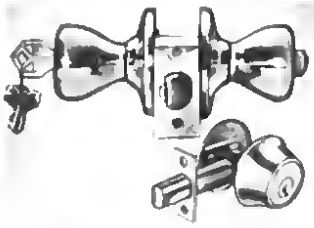
A gaunt Borg fights back, but the '80 U.S. Open slipped away as a strong McEnroe persisted—to take it 7–6, 6–1, 6–7, 5–7, 6–4. Both players had been injured at the Canadian Open, McEnroe twisting his ankle, Borg wrenching his knee, yet the U.S. Open duel that followed was sensational. Borg had come back to win from 13 fifth-set contests since 1976—but this match would not be one of them.





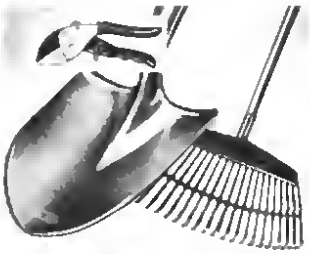
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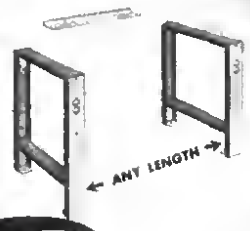


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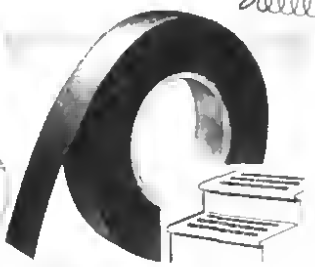
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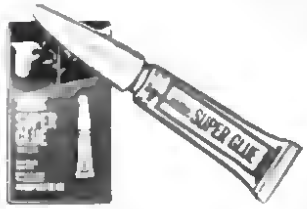
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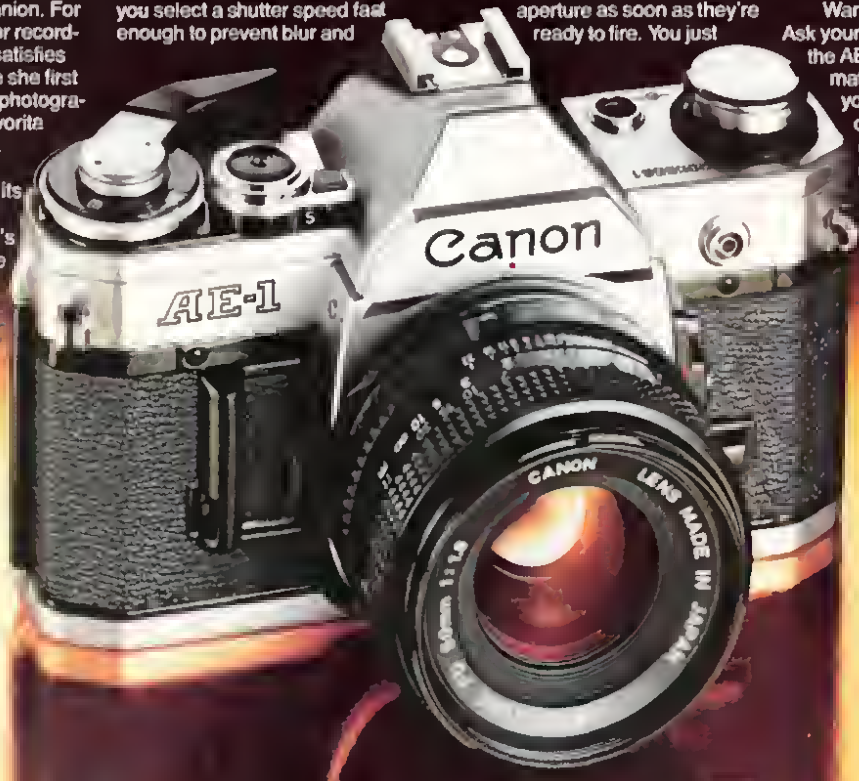
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CRASH AND CARRY ON

That could be the motto of Dean Chenoweth, unlimited hydroplane champion and a man with unlimited courage

by COLES PHINIZY



In his workaday world 43-year-old Dean Chenoweth of Tallahassee is a near-perfect person. He doesn't smoke. He doesn't drink. He eats what he needs, takes diet supplements and runs eight miles a day. Although a model of abstinence in his ordinary life, in his specialized avocation, unlimited hydroplane racing, Chenoweth has been the worst kind of backslider. He has given up the brawling game several times, but like a sot passing a frontier saloon, somehow each time he has been sucked back through the swinging doors for one more round.

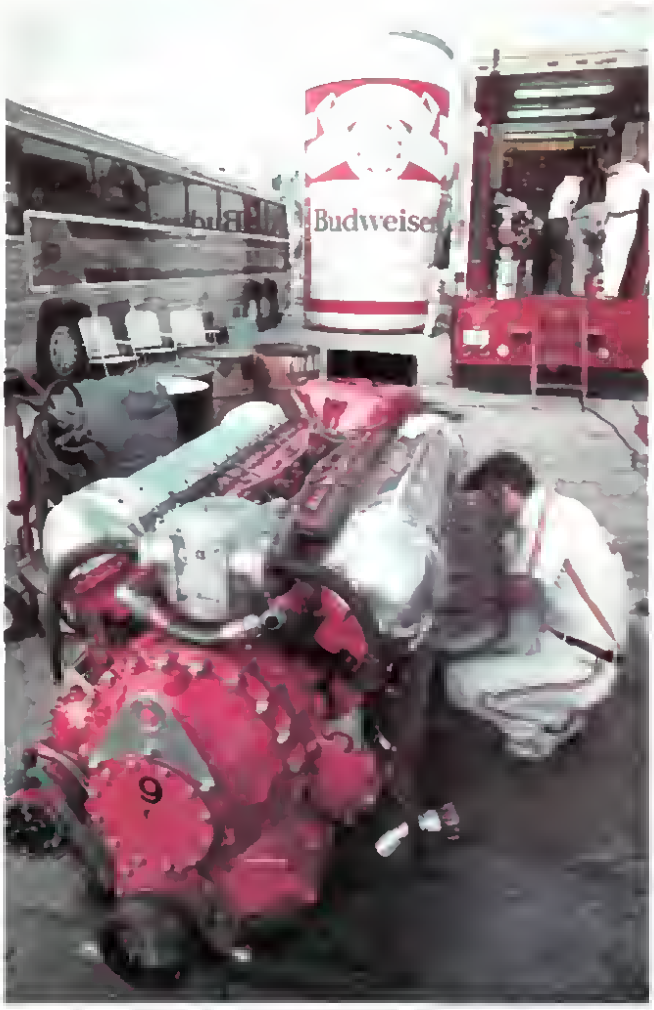
In the 35 years since unlimited hydroplane racing became a sensibly formalized sport, more than 130 drivers have taken part in it. Only Chenoweth and six others have won more than a dozen races. Only 51 drivers have won so much as a single race, and eight of those died trying to win one more. Today, a worthwhile unlimited hydro (or "thunderboat") complete with a half-dozen backup motors and assorted support vehicles, costs about $300,000. To campaign it for a season costs again as much. Although it is now a micrometric game, the only certainty is still uncertainty. Rods pop through engine walls, welds fail, superchargers choke up, fuel lines clog, hulls delaminate, holes appear in the rock-hard water. However fat his bankroll, no backer should get into the game unless he is willing to be unlucky, and no driver should until he is ready to accept a gravestone as a permanent trophy.

The sport has always been in a state of giddy flux. Drivers jump from boat to boat, owners change boats, and boats change their sponsorship and names with abandon. A handsome craft that starts a season as *McTookey's Blue-Plate Special* may well end it, for better or worse, as *Miss Cocoa Butter Hair Oil.*

Since 1946, there has truly been only one monument of constancy, a driver

continued

At the season opener in Miami, Miss Bud churned up the suds on the way to a three heat sweep



A 2,000-hp Rolls-Royce Griffon gives Miss Bud an edge

named Bill Muncey, who took up boat racing, legends say, shortly after Noah ran his ark aground on Mount Ararat. Muncey won his first thunderboat race 25 years ago, when some of his present rivals were still toddling. He has won 61 since, a supremacy that had rarely been threatened until two years ago, when Chenoweth made another of his returns from retirement. Two weeks ago, on Seattle's Lake Washington, Chenoweth won the Gold Cup race, the 22nd victory of his on-again, off-again career (which, if totted up, amounts to about eight seasons). Taking into account the performances of the two drivers, if Chenoweth really sticks with it this time, it looks as if he will pass Muncey on the all-time winner's list in about the year 2005.

In thunderboating, the outcome of each race is decided by a final heat, but in determining the national champion each year, the points scored in all preliminary heats count equally with those of final heats. Since he first stepped into an unlimited hydroplane in 1968, Chenoweth has run in 197 preliminary and final heats and won more than half of them—a percentage that no rival has approached. Last year, in the process of winning the national title aboard *Miss Budweiser* (the 13th hull so-named), Chenoweth had a record-setting string of 20 victories in heats before losing the final of the sixth race to Muncey. In the first three races this year, while Muncey and his boat, *Atlas Van Lines*, suffered routine misfortunes, Chenoweth won all his preliminary heats and all three finals. Granted, he lost the next two races on the circuit—Thunder On the Ohio at Evansville, Ind. and the Columbia Cup at Tri-Cities, Wash.—but his victory in the Gold Cup was enough to clinch the 1981 title with one race to go in the season.

Every driver worth the name knows that before his playing days are done, he and his thunderboat will probably have at least one mad fling together. It may happen in front of the grandstand or in the distant fury of a turn, but wherever, it will be impromptu, the boat suddenly roaring out of the water, swapping ends or looping or barrel-rolling, throwing geysers of spray one way and her driver the other. The crowd will gasp, the caution flags will wave. The paramedics will descend. Sometimes the boat is demolished and the driver survives. Sometimes it is goodby to both.

Whatever his luck, whatever his special genius, when it comes to making dramatic exits and remarkable comebacks, Chenoweth is in a class by himself. His boyish face may not be familiar, but his figure certainly is. Photographs of him flying through the air silhouetted against the spume of one disaster or another have appeared in papers and periodicals the world around. In 1969, his second year of thunderboating, at the wheel of *MYR's Special* (formerly *Miss Smirnoff*) Chenoweth scored 6,175 championship points, only 200 fewer than the winner, Bill Sterett Sr., driver of *Miss Budweiser* (the sixth so named). The following year, when Sterett retired, Chenoweth was offered the ride in *Miss Budweiser* by her owner, Bernie Little, a vibrant Anheuser-Busch distributor and celebrity hound who has been photographed hobnobbing with just about every notable of the last decade except Santa Claus and the Pope. In his first season in a *Miss Bud*, Chenoweth started well, giving and taking with Muncey, who had moved into the cockpit of *MYR's Special* (renamed *MYR Sheet Metal*), the boat Chenoweth had forsaken. Then, in the sixth race on the Columbia River at Pasco, Wash., on the first turn of the second lap of his first heat, the nose of *Miss Bud* dug in and came apart. Bits and pieces of the hull flew every which way. As the boat swung, she lobbed Chenoweth into the air. Still swinging, she hit him again, batting him about 50 feet across the water.

It looked like a final fling for both driver and boat, but it was the end of neither. Chenoweth got out of it with many bruises, minor contusions and a severed nerve in his left arm. The boat was raised from the river bottom. Twelve days after the crash, Chenoweth was back aboard. He won the last two races on the circuit and the national championship. The press, which early on had nicknamed him "Dapper Dean" and the "Xenia Zip" (in deference to his Ohio hometown), began calling him "The Comeback Kid."

In 1971, when Chenoweth was on his way to his second national title, the press asked why he didn't have a go at the world straightaway speed record of 200.419. Chenoweth firmly shut the door on that prospect with two quick sentences. "Owners and drivers are now thinking of winning races," he said, "not setting straightaway records. You realize very little publicity out of a record."

Eight years later—Oct. 23, 1979, to be exact—on Lake Washington in Seattle, Chenoweth sat in a big, wide, new, superpowered *Miss Budweiser*, prepared to run for the straightaway record. He failed, but crashed so spectacularly in the attempt that he got far more publicity than if he had succeeded.

When he had shut the door so firmly on a record attempt back in 1971, Chenoweth had not reckoned with the unbounded promotional zeal of the owner of *Miss Budweiser*, Little, who would

continued


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Cornered.
Mustang. Hot Stuff

probably be willing to sponsor the next ice age if it would help sell a six-pack of Bud. Little admits he talked Chenoweth into nearly killing himself in the 1979 record attempt but, in fairness, it should be pointed out that it wasn't an improbable persuasion. Since Chenoweth's first exposure to a 1.5-horsepower outboard during boyhood summers on a small Ohio lake, he has had the racer's itch.

As best Chenoweth recalls, at the age of 12 he first raced in an unsanctioned "wildcat" event at Troy, Ohio, taking fourth out of 16 in a skiff powered by a 10-horse Mercury Hurricane. In junior high in Xenia he was a runty basketball guard and a quarter-miler who could turn 59 seconds, but he had to give up such puritanical pursuits because he had accepted cash for boat racing and thus was relegated to professional hell forever.

In the summer that he turned 15, Chenoweth won the national championships in stock outboard Class A and Class B hydroplanes and Class A stock runabouts and was selected for *Yachting* magazine's All-America Racing team.

After graduating from the University of Miami in 1959, he joined his father in a Buick-Pontiac dealership in Xenia and stayed out of boat racing until 1963, when one of the many Mephistophelians in his life, an old outboard crony, Dave Thomas of Dayton, gave him a call. "Hey, don't you miss racing?" Thomas asked. "A little bit," Chenoweth replied. Thomas had a friend, Elroy Spicker, who needed a driver for a little hydroplane. So, what had happened to Chenoweth in outboards happened again in inboards. One horsepower led to another. He moved from the 145- to the 280-cubic-inch class and finally into seven-liter competition, which is equivalent to Triple A baseball, and won national, divisional and local titles in various classes.

But there was something in Chenoweth's style that exceeded his stats. Lee Schoenith, the former national champion, who first signed him to drive an unlimited, *Miss Smirnoff*, in 1968, says, "A lot of drivers might have the same desire, guts, whatever you want to call it, but they can't put it all together for a day. Muncey and Chenoweth are probably the only guys I have known who can—and maybe the late Ronnie Musson. They not only know where they are on the course, but also where everybody else is."

Miss Smirnoff was a revolutionary boat: She had a V-tail and was the first hull explicitly designed with a fore-end "picklefork" configuration, in which the sponson tips extend beyond the bow proper. "The design was good, the engines were good, the propellers were good," Chenoweth recalls, "but the whole boat was about 2,000 pounds too heavy. *Miss Smirnoff* was a revolutionary ton of bricks." He got no better than a third place in the 1968 season in the overweight boat, but the next year, when she was renamed *MYR's Special* and more than 1,000 pounds were scalped out of her hull, he took two firsts on the way to losing the national title by 200 points.

On the death of his father in 1967, Chenoweth took over the management of the Xenia dealership. Although in the next six years he was also involved in the brain-rattling furor of thunder-boating, Chenoweth seemingly had not lost the business acumen he had acquired in his early years of abstinence. In 1973, when the first big fuel crunch began, it seemed to him that selling big, uneconomical American cars was a shaky enterprise. But if gas-guzzling cars were on the way out, beer guzzling would probably go on forever. He sold out his car interest and bid for an Anheuser-Busch distributorship in Tallahassee.

The next four years of Chenoweth's life were largely taken up with beer, fish and physical fitness. Because he had enjoyed hunting and angling with his father in Ohio, he bought a 21-foot walkaround fishing skiff and trailered it to various Gulf Coast towns in quest of mackerel, snapper, grouper, blues and speckled trout. He subsequently bought a 20-acre spread in the rolling cattle country of the Florida panhandle, which resembles the Kentucky bluegrass but is more beautiful the year round.

Then, along came Little again, making thunderboat noises. In 1978 Bernie had contracted to have a bigger, better-than-ever *Miss Budweiser* built. She would be wider and have a bigger skid fin. She would have a lower center of gravity and a cab-over cockpit and engine compartment inward of beam center to compensate for centrifugal thrust. Most significant: She would be powered by a Rolls-Royce Griffon engine, which weighs roughly 500 pounds more than the Allison and Rolls Merlin engines customarily used in thunderboats but puts out about a thousand more horsepower. Griffons had been tried several times before, but never successfully. To ease the doubts anyone might have, in a red-hot advance press release, Little's new Griffon-powered beast was described as having "interplanetary-missile schematics," whatever that means.

Chenoweth first heard about the boat from Little at an Anheuser convention

continued



At Chenoweth's 20-acre farm the good life includes daughter Kelli, 18, and her horse, Sweet Thing

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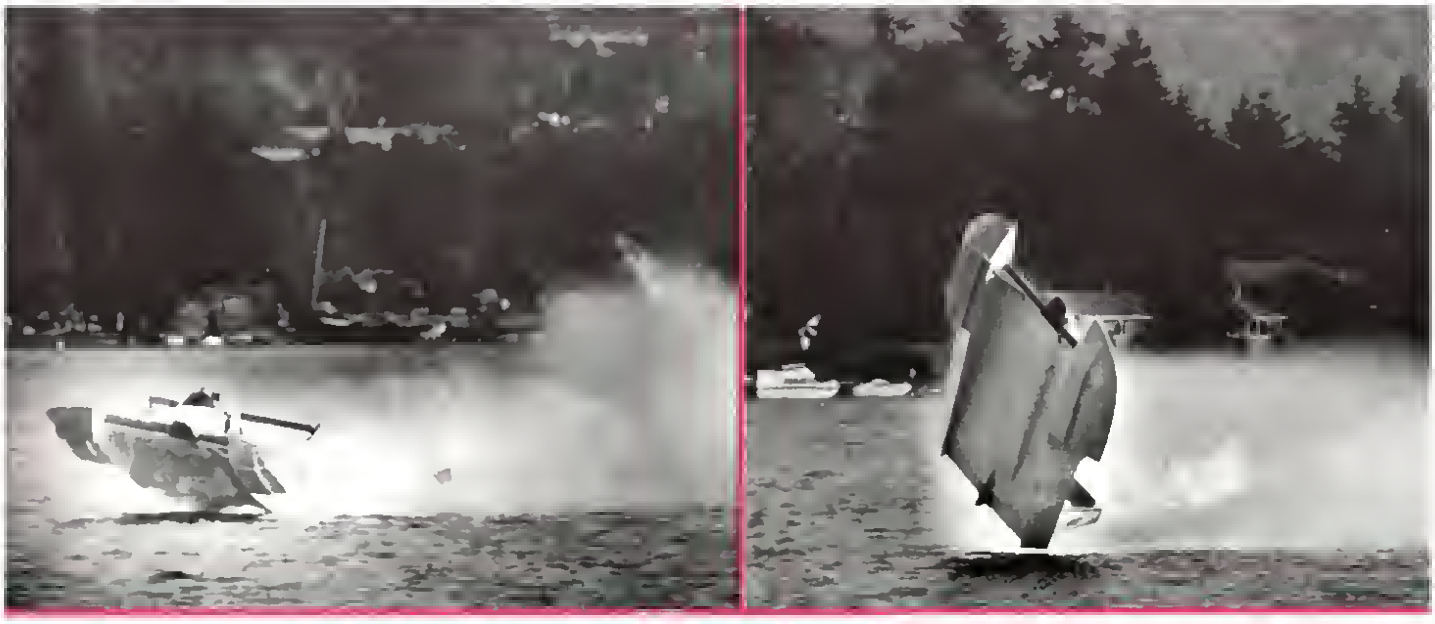
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DEAN CHENOWETH *continued*

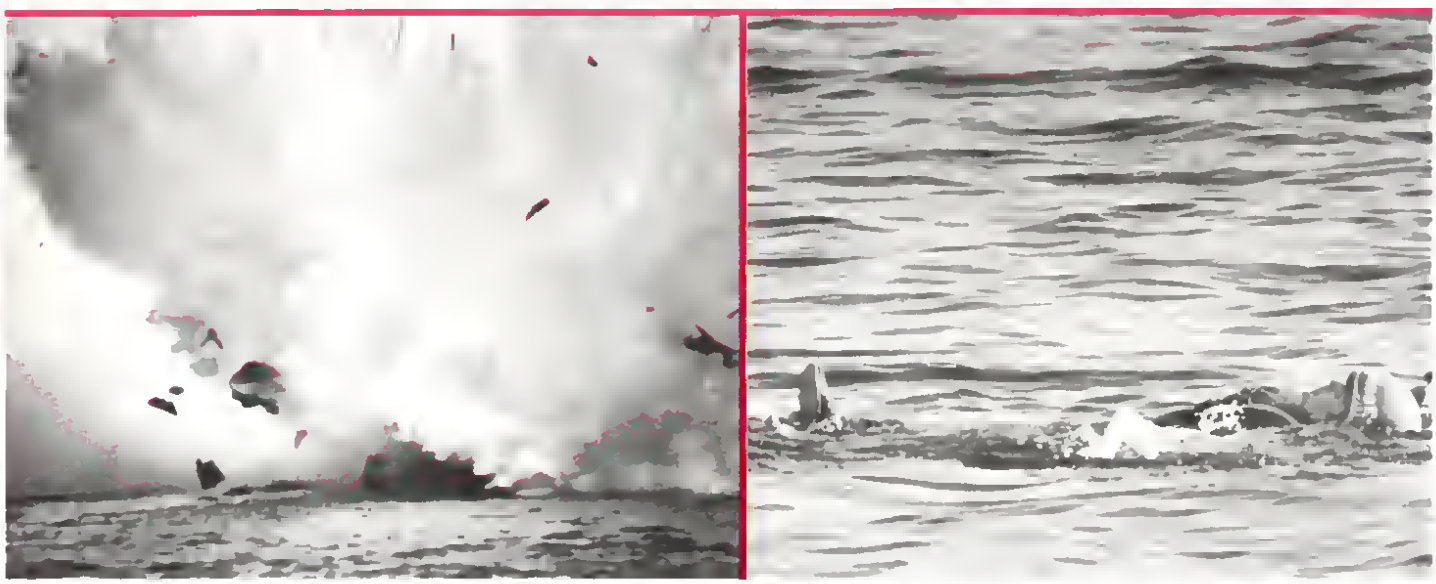
in late 1978. He kept hearing about it by phone the following January and February. On his fourth or fifth call, in early spring, Little asked his former driver to go to Seattle, expenses paid, to talk to the crew and look at the boat then abuilding. "It was a psychological move on Bernie's part," Chenoweth says. "I knew that, and Bernie knew I knew it. But I went to Seattle and saw the boat. When I got back home, the itch was itchier."

So once again he went back through the swinging doors. The new wonderboat was not ready until the fourth race of 1979, and for the balance of the season suffered many of the ills that such novel, high-revving machines are heir to. Chenoweth didn't win a race, and only five heats of 17. The most that could be said for the super-new interplanetary-missilized *Miss Bud* was that she showed great promise. Then, Little decided to give his wonderboat a go at the straightaway record before the next season began.

It wasn't a slapdash effort. *Miss Bud* was specifically modified for a straightaway try. On the morning of Oct. 23 on Lake Washington, Chenoweth made three two-way runs through the one-mile time trap, increasing his speed in 10 mph increments, from approximately 175 to 195. Shortly after noon the water conditions deteriorated, then improved until by midafternoon there was only a three-knot wind dappling the surface. Chenoweth took off shortly before 3:30. During her long run-in, on past the one-mile green warning marker, the trim of *Miss Bud* looked good. Just as the boat entered the time trap, Chenoweth glanced at his speedometer. It read 220. That is the last he remembers.

Miss Bud possibly struck a submerged object. In the first photographs showing the bottom as the boat flew through the air, both the propeller and the rudder are missing. In a half-looping roll the boat reached a height of about 20 feet. As she descended, Chenoweth was thrown out. He flew about 100 feet through the air and skipped 50 more across the water before settling in, fortunately faceup. The Coast Guard rescuers say he was conscious. "I felt the impact of the water. That is all," Chenoweth says. "If they say I was conscious, it may have been my mind subconsciously trying to find out if my body was still alive. Until I came to in the hospital, I had no idea what had happened." In addition to a concussion, he had eight broken ribs, a fractured pelvis and lung and cardiac contusions. Dr. Kaj Johansen, his surgeon in the intensive care unit of Seattle's Harborview Medical Center, told him that but for his good physical condition, it might have been the end.

Little had another *Miss Budweiser* built, almost identical to the one that had been demolished, and last year she





Chenoweth had one of his most spectacular spills last year on Seattle's Lake Washington. A rudder broke, Miss Bud flipped and her driver flew. Still conscious, he was rescued by the Coast Guard.

proved to be what his first had been expected to be. But on Aug. 10, just before the seventh race of the circuit, in Seattle, she came to an equally spectacular end. Chenoweth qualified easily for that race, but then went back out on the course to try to set a qualifying-lap record. As he headed for the starting line at nearly 190 mph the welds of the rudder brackets failed. *Miss Bud* swapped ends, rolling as she did. Chenoweth was thrown out at the start of the second roll. He traveled through the air and skipped across the water about as far as he had on his record-attempt disaster on a different part of Lake Washington, but this time he was conscious. "I remember the boat going over my head," he says. "It was upside down and I could read the name 'Budweiser' as it sailed off into the blue."

For the second time in nine months he ended up at Harborview Medical under the intensive care of Dr. Johansen—this time with six broken ribs, a fractured shoulder blade and lung hemorrhages.

By the last race of the season, in September in San Diego, Chenoweth had recovered, but where would he get a boat? Some years earlier Little had bought a race-worthy old hull called *Notre Dame* to use promotionally. After having her painted in the bronze and red colors of the Budweiser racing teams, he had displayed her in shopping centers and other public places as *Miss Budweiser*. *Notre Dame* had indeed raced (with little success) under a variety of names, such as *Miss Valvoline*, *Miss Cott Beverages*, *Miss Technicolor* and *Miss Northwest Tank Service*, but never as a *Miss Bud*. But, what the hell, how would the yokels in a shopping center ever know?

There was one big problem, however. The old girl had no backup engine. Chenoweth needed 600 points to assure a tie with Muncey. Should he go all out, try to get the points fast, before the engine died? Or should he nurse it, hoping for a combination of seconds and thirds that would be enough?

Chenoweth went for it. He won both his heats in San Diego to take the 1980 national driving title with 200 points to spare. As if knowing it had done all that was needed, one minute before the starting gun of the final heat, his engine blew.

This past winter Little had a third *Miss Budweiser* built, and once again Chenoweth came back. Because of their mutual interest in distance running, Chenoweth had kept in touch with Dr. Johansen. This past spring, before he went to Seattle to test-drive the new *Miss Bud*, Chenoweth phoned Johansen to say he was coming out. "I'm glad you called," Johansen said. "It will be a pleasure to meet you for once while you are still on your feet." **END**



by Robert Sullivan

A star, not a starter

For an All-Star, Joel Youngblood of the Mets spends a lot of time on the bench

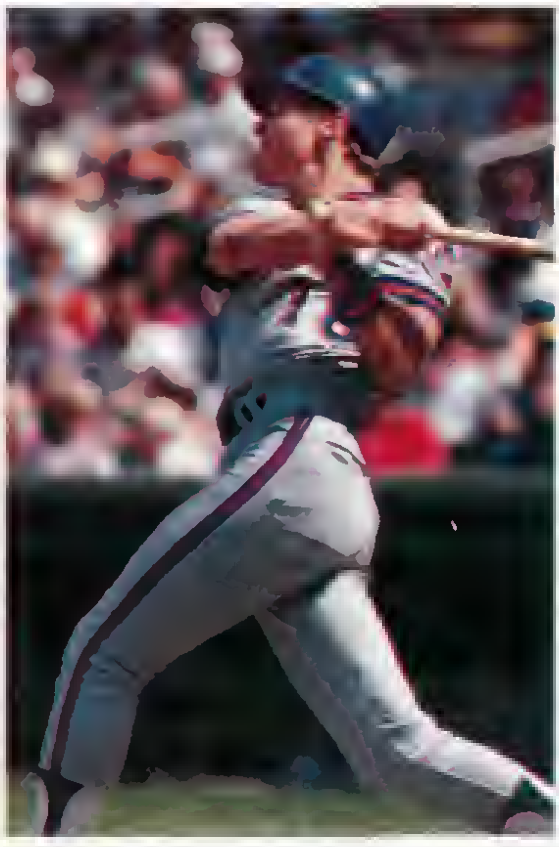
In this strangest of seasons Joel Youngblood of the Mets has done the strangest of things: He has become an All-Star and one of baseball's leading hitters without being assured a starting position. Not playing regularly isn't new to the 29-year-old outfielder. His baseball lot—some might call it his pigeonhole—has always been that of the supersub. The Mets consider his versatility to be a blessing; Youngblood calls it a curse. Says Manager Joe Torre, "It's a manager's dream." Replies Youngblood, "Don't tell me, 'You're too good to start.' I don't want to hear it. I want to play."

Supersubs aren't born; they evolve. When Youngblood, then an outfielder, joined the Reds in 1976 after six seasons in the minors, he found himself on a championship team with All-Stars throughout the lineup. So, when both Cincinnati catchers were unavailable one April day, the young 'Blood happily strapped on borrowed pads. The next day he got his first big league start, in rightfield, and went 4 for 5. But he had only 57 at bats in 55 games that year.

The next spring Youngblood was with St. Louis, which used him primarily at third base before trading him to the Mets in June. In his first 3½ seasons in New York Youngblood played as many as six positions a year and batted .327 (18 for 55) as a pinch hitter, including .538 (7 for 13) last year.

After batting .276 overall last season, Youngblood came to camp this spring hoping to nail down a starting position. The Mets offered him a shot at third base, perennially the team's weak spot, but after working out there a few weeks he asked to return to the outfield. "Everybody talks about mental preparation in this game," he says. "Well, for so long I didn't know where I was playing, what I was playing, if I was playing. So I told Joe I didn't want to play third. I'm not comfortable at that position. I don't even want balls to be hit to me when I'm in the infield. Joe said, 'O.K.' And he said I wouldn't get to play very much."

When the season opened, Youngblood was on the bench and rookie Mookie Wilson was in rightfield, the position Youngblood has always preferred. "I was worried," admits Youngblood. "I went to Joe's office on Opening Day in Chicago and told him I was physically and mentally ready to do whatever he wanted me to do." A few days later he repeated his original demand: that "whatever Torre wanted" couldn't include third base.



Youngblood might have been buried and forgotten at this point, but he got the chance he wanted when Wilson started poorly. In went Youngblood, and off went Youngblood on a hitting tear. At the time of the strike, he was the National League's unofficial leader with a .359 average. In addition, his four home runs and 23 RBIs were second on the Mets to First Baseman Dave Kingman's totals. But Youngblood wasn't all that happy. On May 29 he had left a game with back spasms. That same night the Mets acquired talented—but also injured and troubled—Rightfielder Ellis Valentine from Montreal. "I thought, 'Oh, no! Oh, no!'—you can use exclamation points there—'Here it goes again!' "

While Valentine certainly was a source of concern for Youngblood, his immediate problem was the spasms. He treated them with care for a week, playing sporadically. Then, in Houston, a hard slide into third took out the inner ligament in his left knee and put him on the 15-day disabled list. A week later, all critical decisions were deferred by the strike. "At least I was fortunate enough to be able to recuperate while we were off," he says. Youngblood spent the 50 days worrying, wondering and rehabilitating. He even talked about being traded, an idea the Mets ignored. When the strike ended, he demanded to know if he was still a starter. The Mets seemed intent on playing Valentine in right, the revitalized Wilson in center and Lee Mazzilli in left. Torre stressed the importance of depth in the outfield and kept refusing to commit himself to his team's leading hitter and only All-Star. As

it happened, Youngblood did *not* start on Opening Day II, but that had to do with the air-traffic controllers' strike, an exhausting five-hour commute from Cleveland to Chicago and a day game (of course) at Wrigley Field. Youngblood sat out the first 10 innings of the second season, but in the 11th he pinch-hit for Mazzilli—the first time Maz, batting .210 at the time, had ever been lifted for another hitter. After flying out to center, Youngblood stayed in the game and in the 13th he doubled and scored the game-winner on a hit by the guy who had taken his job in right, Valentine.

Youngblood started the next four games in leftfield before leaving the lineup when he slightly reinjured his left knee against Philadelphia. Even though Youngblood might have played, Mazzilli took over the position and got two hits in each of his first two games. Youngblood, whose average was down nine points to .350, was out of a job again. "I want to be the leftfielder," says the man who for most of this year wanted to be the rightfielder. "And I'm not. Period."

To hear Torre tell it, he doesn't really have a leftfielder. Nor a rightfielder, nor a centerfielder. "To me, my whole outfield's day-to-day. Ellis could go bad, Mookie could go bad. And with a guy of Mazzilli's caliber also available, the team doesn't have to die when one guy slumps."

People around the team translate that managerspeak as follows: Only Mazzilli and Youngblood are day-to-day. Valentine, who has won two games with his bat since joining the Mets, would have to go very bad indeed to be benched. And at the end of last week, Wilson had hit in 20 of the last 25 games and was batting .299 to help the team into second place in the NL East.

So that leaves leftfield, and two players feeling left out. The erstwhile Italian Stallion, Mazzilli, had been a dour horse around the clubhouse before returning to the lineup. He wants to find the old swing, and he knows he must play every day to find it. And Youngblood, as always, wants a job. In addition to being bullish about his hitting, Youngblood also knows he's a good fielder—his arm is accurate and strong. "What do I have to do?" he asks.

Youngblood says he's a better ballplayer than he was a year ago and that his hitting success is no fluke, but that other people don't believe him. He credits much of his success not to a new swing, but to less swing in a new life-style. "I remarried last December 26," he says, "and my wife, Beckie, has helped a lot. This year's different than the others. If you're a single guy in New York, it's somewhat difficult to play ball well. The new life has definitely helped."

Youngblood's new life includes a home in suburban Greenwich, Conn., where he and Beckie plan to live even if he's traded. He also runs a farm in the Catskills, where he likes to hunt deer with a bow and arrow. But his main interest is his career, and of that he says, "It's time to get serious." Next season is the last on his $300,000-a-year Met contract, and he has determined that if he can't find happiness in a New York outfield, then he'll go elsewhere.

"You only have so much time in this game," he says. "I feel my time is now, and I'm going to do whatever I can, and go wherever I must, to reach my objective. I've sat on the pine before. Now I want to play."

THE WEEK

(Aug. 10-16)

by HERM WEISKOPF

NL EAST On Monday night in Philadelphia there was an explosion of cheers and fireworks for what turned out to be an error. It all happened in the first inning of the Second Season. A huge crowd was on hand in anticipation of Pete Rose's 3,631st hit. Phillie Executive Vice-President Bill Giles, who was to give the signal for the pyrotechnics, shouted "No! No! No!" into a microphone when Rose's chopper was muffed by Cardinal Shortstop Garry Templeton. Alas, the man in charge of touching off the fireworks thought Giles said "Go! Go! Go!" Thus the barrage was ignited. In the eighth came another round of throaty cheers and pyrotechnics and the release of 3,631 balloons—but this time it was no mistake as Rose had singled cleanly. St. Louis won that game 7–3 with a four-homer outburst. The Cardinals took two more games in Philly, 11–3 as George Hendrick homered twice and 5–2 as John Martin and Bruce Sutter combined on a four-hitter that ended Steve Carlton's 10-game victory streak over St. Louis. That was one of three saves for Sutter, another coming when Joaquin Andujar ran his career record against Montreal to 8–0 with a 3–1 triumph. The Phillies salvaged a 6–5 win over the Cardinals when Keith Moreland singled with the bases loaded in the 10th. Then, with Larry Christenson fanning nine in six innings, Mike Schmidt slamming his 300th homer and Moreland driving in five runs, the Phils beat the Mets 8–4.

Reliever Neil Allen chalked up three saves and a win, Dave Kingman hit his 15th and 16th homers, rookie Hubie Brooks chipped in with his first three round-trippers and Rightfielder Ellis Valentine had two game-winning hits for the Mets. Valentine also threw out Tim Blackwell at second after the Chicago catcher had knotted the score at 5–5 with a single and then inexplicably slowed down after rounding first. "I had a brain spasm," Blackwell said. That wasn't the only boo-boo by the Cubs. Centerfielder Bobby Bonds and Righfielder Hetty Cruz were chasing a long drive by Kingman in the 10th when both suddenly backed off and let the ball drop for a triple that led to the decisive run in a 7–4 loss. Both outfielders thought they heard the other yell "I've got it." But, as Bonds later related, "The voice came from a fan behind us." Bonds, who had three RBIs, and Blackwell, who had two hits and scored twice, made up for their gaffes during Sunday's 6–4 triumph over Pittsburgh. Doug Bird and Mike Griffin, new acquisitions from the Yankees, downed the Mets 6–1 with the aid of a three-run homer by Jody Davis, a one-time Met farmhand.

Andre Dawson of the Expos slugged three home runs, including a grand slam that was his first four-bagger with anyone aboard this season. Bill Lee came out of the bullpen to thwart the Pirates, winning 3–1 when he tossed four innings of one-hit ball and saving a 3–2 victory by whiffing Dave Parker on three pitches with the bases jammed in the ninth. It was a dismal week for Pittsburgh, which lost twice because of errors. Fielding lapses undid Luis Tiant in his first game back in the big leagues after he had allowed only one hit to the Expos in his first five innings. The Pirates had to scramble to beat the Cubs on Sunday, Tony Pena singling in the 11th to make a 4–3 winner of Kent Tekulve, who pitched 4⅓ innings of shutout relief.

ST.L 4–1 NY 5–2 MONT 3–2
CHI 3–4 PHIL 2–5 PITT 2–5

NL WEST Lured by owner Ray Kroc's offer of free seats, 52,608—the largest crowd in the Padres' history—attended the second-half opener against the Braves. Juan Tyrone Eichelberger, San Diego's starting pitcher, supplemented Kroc's generosity by donating his day's pay—approximately $300—to charity. Such good deeds went for naught as Atlanta swept three games from the Padres, only 35,499 paid to see the last six games of the week. Reliever Rick Camp of the Braves saved the 3–2 opener and won the 4–3 closer. Gaylord Perry (*page 92*) went five strong innings for a 5–1

continued

victory over the Padres, and No. 295 in his career. San Diego's two one-run losses to Atlanta gave the Padres a 4–15 record in that department. But Pitcher Chris Welsh provided some solace when he had 15 groundball outs in seven innings while muzzling Houston 9–1.

A pair of pinch hits by Dennis Walling carried the Astros past the Giants 6–5 and 5–4. Nifty pitching by Nolan Ryan (two hits and one run in six innings), Don Sutton (three hits in eight innings) and Joe Niekro (two hits in seven innings) provided 5–1, 5–0 and 3–0 wins over the Padres.

Los Angeles won two shutouts, Steve Howe going the final three innings in relief of Jerry Reuss as the Dodgers beat Cincinnati 4–0, and Dave Goltz and rookie reliever Alejandro Pena stopping Atlanta 5–0. Pena, a 22-year-old Dominican, allowed only one hit in four innings; he had 23 saves in the Pacific Coast League before being brought up last week. The Dodgers' other Latin whiz, Fernando Valenzuela, was a 7–6 loser to the Reds. Cincy took another 7–6 contest, beating the Giants when Sam Mejias singled in the 10th.

When Doyle Alexander of the Giants beat the Reds 5–2, he became the fourth pitcher in history to gain wins against all 26 clubs. Ed Whitson was also sharp, blanking Cincinnati 4–0. But Vida Blue was cuffed around by Houston and lasted only 2⅓ innings. Similar shellackings were absorbed by most of the league's other All-Star hurlers last week. Collectively, the nine pitchers on the NL staff had a 5.94 ERA.

ATL 5–2 HOUS 5–2 LA 4–3
SF 3–4 CIN 3–4 SD 1–6

AL EAST

It was, as Dave Stieb put it, "a fun-filled week" for the Blue Jays. Especially for All-Star Stieb, who defeated Detroit 4–3 on Wednesday and was married on Friday. Other Jays had fun, too. Buck Martinez and Otto Velez hit three-run homers to beat the Tigers 6–4 and halt a 12-game losing streak. Roy Lee Jackson saved three straight games with five innings of scoreless relief. Damaso Garcia had the first 4-for-4 game of his career and his first game-winning RBI of the season. And newcomer Greg (Boomer) Wells was 4 for 8 with two run-scoring pinch singles.

After Ken Singleton and Eddie Murray of the Orioles hit back-to-back homers in the first inning of the opener against the Royals, the Birds went hitless for 10⅓ innings. Singleton broke the spell with a double in the 12th, and then John Lowenstein gave the Orioles a 3–2 victory with an RBI single. Doug DeCinces made two dazzling plays at third base and drove in both runs during a 2–1 win over Kansas City, and then slugged a grand slam as Dennis Martinez downed Chicago 4–0 on three hits.

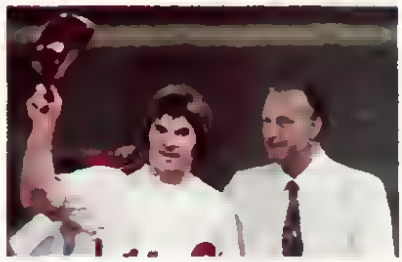
While taking four of five games in Cleveland, the Brewers hammered out 65 hits. Cecil Cooper, a .400 batter for the week, was the big gun against the Indians as he went 13 for 23 with three homers and four doubles. Gorman Thomas homered twice last week and had 11 RBIs. And reliever Rollie Fingers, who picked up three saves, preserved both ends of a 6–2, 2–0 doubleheader sweep on Sunday in Toronto.

Six homers—two by Joe Rudi—helped Red Sox rookie lefthander Bobby Ojeda, just up from Pawtucket, coast past the White Sox 8–1. Carl Yastrzemski, using a new stance in an effort to hit the ball to all fields, had a homer and three RBIs to stop Chicago 9–6, and then singled in the go-ahead run in the 10th as the Red Sox won 5–3 in Texas, where they hadn't won since July 15, 1980.

Tommy John, Ron Davis and Rudy May of the Yankees teamed up for a three-hitter and a 2–0 triumph over the Rangers. Graig Nettles homered in that game, and later hit a two-run shot to beat Texas 5–4.

Milt Wilcox of the Tigers attributes much of his success in recent years to a pair of wooden "Hawaiian war gods" he keeps in his locker. Of more practical value to Wilcox was

PLAYER OF THE WEEK



PETE ROSE of the Phillies acknowledges the cheers of 60,561 fans in Philadelphia after picking up his 3,631st hit, an eighth-inning single, that surpassed the National League career record belonging to Stan Musial (*right*).

the last-out relief of Kevin Saucier, who nailed down a 1–0, three-hit win over New York. Overall, Saucier had a win and two saves. Alan Trammell, who hit .423, drove in the only run in Wilcox's win and singled in the ninth to beat Toronto 4–3. Kirk Gibson's three-run homer in the ninth decked New York 5–4 on Sunday.

Cleveland sent Joe Charboneau, last season's Rookie of the Year, and his .206 average to the minors. Rick Manning's three RBIs and Mike Hargrove's four hits downed Milwaukee 9–4. A pinch RBI single by rookie Von Hayes led to an 8–6 defeat of K.C.

MIL 6–3 BALT 4–3 DET 4–3 TOR 4–3
BOS 3–4 NY 3–4 CLEV 2–7

AL WEST

Seattle had no Costello to go with its Abbott and no Lewis to go with its Clark, but it had plenty of firepower. Glenn Abbott and Bryan Clark combined on a four-hitter that stopped the Twins 6–0 as their teammates pounded out 11 hits. The Mariners, who batted .307 for the week, had a club-record 19 safeties while zapping the Twins 11–1. Jeff Burroughs became the first Seattle player to wallop three homers in a game as Minnesota succumbed to an 18-hit attack 13–3. Burroughs had nine RBIs for the week; Tom Paciorek had six doubles, two homers and drove in 10 runs, and Richie Zisk added three homers and eight RBIs. Julio Cruz, who had tied the unofficial league record for consecutive steals before the strike, was gunned down by Angel Catcher Ed Ott when he went after his 33rd in a row.

Home runs by Dwayne Murphy and Mike Heath enabled the A's to take extra-inning games and improve their overtime record to 7–1. Murphy slammed a two-run shot in the 10th for a 4–2 defeat of California as Steve McCatty pitched a complete-game five-hitter. Heath's blast came in the 13th and finished off the Angels 8–7.

Bobby Grich of California socked five homers, two paying off in a 4–1 triumph over Seattle. Grich homered in the second inning of that contest, then settled the score with a three-run drive in the 11th.

With two out in the last of the ninth, a runner at third and Dave Winfield up, Manager Don Zimmer of the Rangers went to a rookie to protect his 1–0 lead. Zimmer replaced lefthander John Henry Johnson with righthander Dave Schmidt, who got Winfield to weakly ground out. New York was limited to four singles off Rick Honeycutt, who hurled the first 5⅓ innings, and Jim Kern, who pitched the next three. Honeycutt (8–1) later beat Boston 3–0 on six hits. Earlier, Ranger Leftfielder Billy Sample, who had dropped a routine fly in the top of the ninth to let the Red Sox tie the score at 2–2, singled in the bottom of the inning and scored the winning run on a single by Jim Sundberg.

Jim Morrison, Tony Bernazard and Bill Almon of the White Sox also atoned for errors with vital hits that knocked off the Orioles 5–3. Baltimore got two home runs and six RBIs from Eddie Murray on Sunday, but lost to Chicago 8–7 in 10 innings when Harold Baines doubled and came home on a single by Bernazard.

Minnesota, which was 0–7 against Oakland in Part 1, took two of three games from the A's. Longtime starter Jerry Koosman was effective in relief, saving a 6–2 decision over Oakland and a 6–1 verdict against Seattle. Kansas City (*page 28*) split eight games.

SEA 6–2 OAK 4–2 CHI 4–3 KC 4–4
TEX 3–3 MINN 3–5 CAL 1–5

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Savings	$88.00

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by William Leggett

Another Jim Dandy finish

History repeated itself at Saratoga as a 24–1 shot, Willow Hour, held off Pleasant Colony to win a soggy Travers

By August of 1930, when one of racing's most esteemed runners, Gallant Fox, walked out onto a muddy track at Saratoga, the Travers stakes had been run 60 times. Gallant Fox, a Triple Crown winner, was the greatest racehorse since Man o' War. The "Fox of Belair," as he was called, entered the Travers with six straight wins as a 3-year-old, and the only horse in the field of four given a chance to beat him was Whichone. On the blackboards marked by bookies' chalk, Gallant Fox was held at 1–2, Whichone at 6–5 and the other two horses, Sun Falcon and Jim Dandy, at 30–1 and 100–1, respectively.

Gallant Fox, of course, lost the 61st Travers to Jim Dandy. He never lost another race and retired with then-world-record earnings of $328,165. Yet from that Travers three adages emerged: 1) Always pick the outsider in a four-horse race; 2) Saratoga is the "Graveyard of Champions"; 3) "Horses for courses." That is, some horses, like Jim Dandy, just run better at certain tracks.

Last Saturday the second-largest crowd in Saratoga's history (39,146) turned out in abysmal weather to see points 2 and 3 driven home once more. After a splendid stretch drive against Wood Memorial, Kentucky Derby and Preakness winner Pleasant Colony, a 24–1 shot named Willow Hour won the 112th running of the mile-and-a-quarter Travers on a sloppy track. Of the 10 starters, only one had ever won at Saratoga: Willow Hour. Twelve days before, in a prep for the Travers, he had defeated three eventual Travers contestants—Belmont Stakes winner Summing, Lemhi Gold and Prince Fortune—at odds of 18–1. The name of that race? The Jim Dandy.

Race fans were particularly interested in this year's Travers because it was Pleasant Colony's first appearance since losing the Belmont to Summing in June. Also, Lord Avie, the pre-Derby favorite, was a Travers starter after missing the Triple Crown races because of an injury. Lord Avie always runs his race, and in the most thrilling of fashions—by coming from far behind. Four of the other starters in the Travers not only had fine stakes credentials but also had come from all over the country: Dorcaro and Lemhi Gold from California; Fairway Phantom from Chicago; Five Star Flight from New Jersey. The rest were improving runners who had bounced around the nation the way squirrels scramble from limb to limb. Each was trying to establish himself as the best 3-year-old in a year in which only one horse, 6-year-old John Henry, could rightfully lay claim to being "Horse of the Year."



In the stretch whips were flying and Pleasant Colony was trying, but Willow Hour stayed in front

The day before the race, each of the trainers said that if the track were fast and his horse lost, he would have no excuses. Shortly after 5 a.m. on race day, however, sheets of rain lashed down and the rain fell all day. Yes, there would be excuses. And Lord Avie, the ultimate third-place finisher, would have the biggest alibi of all.

Jockey Jorge Velasquez, who had been taken off Pleasant Colony after an ill-judged ride in the Belmont and was on Lord Avie in the Travers, rarely gripes about losing a race. When things get hot he merely turns his pillow to the cool side. At the start of the Travers, Velasquez felt pressure on both sides, from Angel Cordero Jr. on Pleasant Colony (outside) and Jacinto Vasquez aboard Lemhi Gold (inside). "They liked to have dropped my ass," said a smoldering Velasquez later. "The outside horse came in too much and the inside horse went out too much. They're supposed to be professional race riders. Lord Avie was eliminated right

continued

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there. I don't know how far I was behind going down the backstretch. Hell, it must have been 25 lengths."

Actually, it was closer to 30. Many in the crowd assumed that Lord Avie, a horse that had never raced on an "off" racetrack, had broken down. With half a mile left to run, Lord Avie was still in last place, some 24 lengths behind the leaders.

At that point Prince Fortune, whom trainer Johnny Campo had entered to serve as a rabbit for Pleasant Colony, was leading, with Willow Hour just behind and Pleasant Colony starting to move up from fifth place. At the head of the stretch, Pleasant Colony joined Willow Hour for the long run to the finish line as Lord Avie circled horses and went into third. Then ensued one of the finest stretch runs in racing history. Willow Hour was on the inside, Pleasant Colony on the outside and both jockeys, Eddie Maple on Willow Hour and Cordero on Pleasant Colony, whipped their horses relentlessly. With a sixteenth of a mile to go it appeared that Pleasant Colony would pass Willow Hour, but he never did. At the finish, Willow Hour remained a resolute head in front of Pleasant Colony, with Lord Avie 1¾ lengths behind.

"Without a bad start," Velasquez said, "I would have won. Maybe I should have believed my 9-year-old daughter, Michele. When she got up she came to see me and told me about a dream she had. 'Daddy,' she said, 'are you riding No. 3 today? I dreamed about the Travers all night and No. 3 kept winning.' "

Lord Avie was No. 9. Willow Hour, who paid $50.20, was No. 3.

Willow Hour is either the ultimate horse for the Saratoga course or a colt who has finally developed into a runner after flashes of promise as a 2-year-old. In 1980 Willow Hour won the Nashua stakes, one of the most important 2-year-old races, only to be disqualified and placed last. "I was suspended for that," said Maple, "but I kept the mount. I always thought he had ability, and he has proved that in his last two races. By winning the Travers he beat the best group of 3-year-olds put together this year."

Exactly what the Travers proved is, at best, enigmatic. Obviously, 1981 is a year in which there is not one outstanding 3-year-old, but several very good ones. Which is best won't be decided until the fall stakes races—if then. **END**



"I dreamed of Ali last night. We were in a ring, fighting someplace. In the seventh round, the seventh or eighth, he was saying, 'Don't knock me out...Don't knock me out!' I says to him, 'You gotta get out of here, man. You gotta get the hell out of here!' And then the next thing I remember is we was standing together under a tree, the best of friends. That's what I dreamed last night."

Where did this Larry Holmes quote appear? Where else—in William Nack's article *The Man Who Would Be Champ* in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, where the dreams and dedication of an individual are as important to the story as the action in the sport he plays

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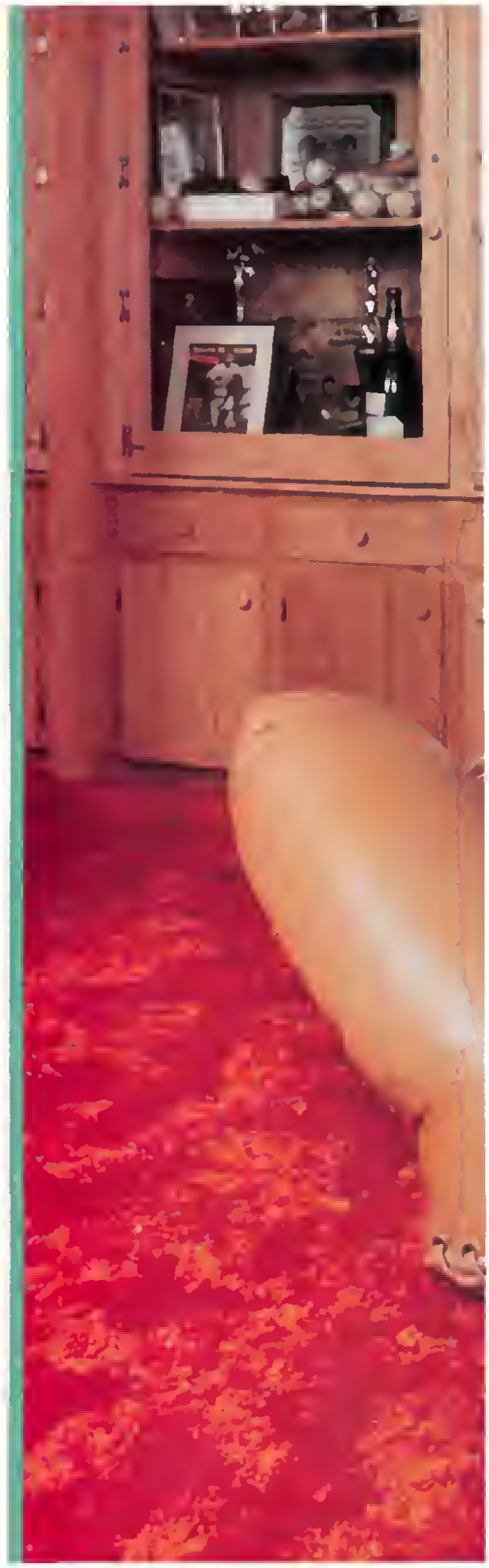
BOUND FOR GLORY

At week's end, Atlanta's Gaylord Perry needed five more wins to become the first pitcher in 18 years to reach 300

by **RON FIMRITE**

Gaylord Perry is bald on top and gray on the sides, and like many men over 40, he worries about his weight, which is considerable. "He weighs a thousand pounds," says his outspoken wife, Blanche, exaggerating slightly. "I could lose 10 pounds," says Perry, meaning he'd like to lose 20 and get down to around 210. And yet he remains an imposing figure, tall (6′ 4″) and for all his breadth, still somehow rangy, long of arm and leg, broad of shoulder. He is a North Carolina farmer, a Southern man, a hard man, shrewd and suspicious. Anyone with a name like Gaylord is either country or drawing room, and Perry is indisputably country. In eastern North Carolina, where he was born and reared, and where he still lives, the name is pronounced gay-lerd, not gay-lahd, so that any trace of cultivation has been hayseeded out of it. He is a man who looks better in overalls than in designer jeans.

Perry, who will be 43 on Sept. 15, is also a pitcher, so skilled and durable that in this truncated season he is approaching his 300th career win, the most elusive milestone in baseball, one reached by only 14 men. Perry's steady rise through the ranks of lifetime winners has been obscured somewhat by controversy over his now-admitted *continued*



Engloved in the den of his North Carolina home, Perry, 42, is surrounded by mementos of his long career.



GAYLORD PERRY

continued

use of illegal spitballs and greaseballs. It may, in fact, come as a shock to his accusers that as of last Sunday he needed only five more wins to join the sainted company of such immortals as Cy Young, Walter Johnson, Christy Mathewson and Grover Cleveland Alexander, 300-plus winners all.

For many years, 300 wins for a pitcher and 3,000 hits for a batter were considered comparable achievements. Fifteen players have gotten 3,000 hits, but seven have joined the club in the last 10 years. The last pitcher to win 300 games was Early Wynn, who got his 300th in 1963. Warren Spahn won his 300th in 1961. The last pitcher to win that many before Spahn was Lefty Grove, who won his 300th 20 years earlier. Both Grove, who pitched for 17 years, and Wynn, who lasted 23, retired with exactly 300 wins. Of the 14 300-winners, 11 got theirs before 1930, nine before 1920 and eight before the U.S. entered World War I. All 14 are in the Hall of Fame.

Consider some other numbers. Until Ted Williams hit his 400th homer in 1956, only four men had hit that many—Babe Ruth (714), Jimmy Foxx (534), Mel Ott (511) and Lou Gehrig (493). In the last 25 years, 14 players besides Williams have surpassed that total and three of them, Pittsburgh's Willie Stargell, Boston's Carl Yastrzemski and New York's Reggie Jackson, are still playing and counting. In the same period, membership in the 500-homer club has increased from three to 12. Only six pitchers have struck out more than 3,000 batters, but four have reached that figure in the last three years, Perry among them. In fact, Perry might even pass Walter Johnson's alltime strikeout total of 3,508, for he is only 199 Ks away. But strikeouts, like wins, come harder when you are older.

There are three other active pitchers—Steve Carlton, Tom Seaver and Jim Palmer—who have a chance at winning 300, but all are more than 40 wins away and all are over 35. Seaver and Palmer have become increasingly injury-prone, and Carlton, who will be 37 in December, will have to win at least 10 games in each of the next four seasons to make it, a task certainly within his capabilities, but one not easily accomplished in a craft so fraught with peril as pitching. A sore arm here, a protracted player strike there, and poof goes the career. To cite an example, Juan Marichal won 221 games by the time he was 34, but won only 22 his last four years, retiring at roughly the same age Carlton is now. As near as he is to the magic figure, Perry could be the only 300-game-winner of his generation. Or, having had nine starts this season taken away from him, he could become a historic near-misser. Either way, statistical buffs will be more concerned than the protagonist of this little drama.

Perry dearly wants his 300 wins, but neither his life nor his livelihood depends on it. He has joked that there is no dishonor in being the game's only 299-game winner, and he says with a straight face that he would have retired after last season with 289 wins had he not been drafted as a free agent by a team as close to his farm as Atlanta. In 1979, the year after he won his second Cy Young Award, he quit the San Diego Padres in early September because they wouldn't trade him to a team closer to his home. "I just got mad and went back to the farm," he says. "I won the Cy Young for them and they wouldn't give me a nickel or trade me to a team in the East. Besides, they didn't give me the impression they wanted to win." And that, for someone as fiercely competitive as Perry, is the darkest crime of all. He had 12 wins when he walked off, and he missed, conservatively, six more starts. The Padres did finally trade him to Texas, which in turn traded him to the Yankees last summer. The Braves then picked him in the free-agent reentry draft and signed him to a one-year contract for $300,000. To Perry's way of thinking, they kept him in baseball—for in Atlanta he is only a one-hour flight plus a 2½-hour drive from home sweet home. With a team that



Perry has pitched for six teams and is the only man with Cy Young Awards in both leagues

close, Perry doesn't see his career ending prematurely. If he is to be denied 300 this year, there is always the next—if the Braves still want him.

"Sure, I'd like to get the 300th this season," he says. "I started thinking about it after I'd won 21 for San Diego when I was 40. I enjoy the game and I'd like to play as long as I can do well for a club. It's a pretty good half-year job. You meet some great people and you can always stay away from the wrong ones. Moving around is the hardest part."

Every year the farm takes up more of his life. In a year or two it will most likely be his life. Numbers don't mean all that much to a country boy, anyway, unless they're on the bottom line after harvest. Perry has his land, and he works it hard. He was born the son of a sharecropper in Farm Life, N.C., and he still lives nearby, in Williamston, on a farm, only now in a fine five-bedroom house with Blanche and their four children, Amy, 18, Beth, 17, Allison, 15, and Gaylord Jackson (Jack) Perry Jr., 14. He is not one to stray from his roots.



With another victory on ice, Perry accepts congratulations from San Diego stadium cop Carl Ehlers.

It is a hot and steamy day in late June, between seasons, so to speak, and Perry is driving a pickup truck over the dusty roads that twist through his 300 acres, just outside town. A tractor, operated by his farm manager, Sherwood Howell, is spreading Nova Scotia Landplaster, a white powdery soil-conditioner, over his peanut crop, and a bulldozer is clearing hardwood trees—oak and poplar—for an irrigation pond. "It takes a real touch to run one of those," Perry says in admiration of his "'dozer man." Perry's accent is soft at the edges, with traces of its Elizabethan antecedents, but it is pure Southern with its "yonders" and "ya heahs."

He stops the truck on a roadside, not far from the house, where his son, Jack, is waiting for him. They take a ball and gloves from the back of the truck and start a lazy game of catch under the watchful eye of Bobo, a black Labrador, who is clamoring to get into it. The skies are blackening in the afternoon heat, and the air is heavy with the threat of rain. Jack, a rangy lefthander, has his father's easy motion, but he is eager to test his arm. He throws Perry a curve. "You loosen up before you start throwin' that stuff, boy," Perry admonishes him. "You throw too many of those and you'll lose your fasthall. You're not old enough to have a curve yet."

Even here, playing catch with a 14-year-old on a dusty roadside, hundreds of miles from the nearest big league ball park, Perry looks menacing with a baseball in his hand. His will to win is so overpowering that he has been known to publicly dress down his teammates for mistakes on the field. He is a man of remarkable strength and energy and little patience. "He has a low boiling point and a low boring point," says his wife. "Gaylord rubbed some players the wrong way by glaring at them after errors," says his old catcher with the San Francisco Giants, Tom Haller. "It's just that he hated to lose so much."

Perry's throwing motion is relaxed and graceful, the kind that places minimal strain on the arm, the evidence of which is that in 20 years of big league pitching, he has yet to experience a sore arm or shoulder. The competitiveness shows in those fierce gray eyes. But there is no batter threatening him now, and he banters with his son as they toss the ball back and forth. "I could pitch tomorrow," he says, "but you need competition to stay in shape. . . . Good one, Jack. Good slider. . . . I threw a fasthall and a curve in high school. Still throw those pitches, plus [conspiratorial look] some other things. . . . Watch out, Jack. Bad pitch. My fault. I'm gettin' a little wild. . . . I didn't let Jack play on a team this year. Instead, he made some road trips with me. He got a lot more work that way. We'd go to the park early and throw batting practice to each other. He was with me in Montreal just before the strike. We came back here together. . . . Good forkball, Jack. . . ."

That's it for baseball on this busy day—15 minutes of catch. Perry has errands to perform in town. First, he stops off to visit with his good friend Gordon Hopkins, who has a tire business down Highway 125 from the farm. Hopkins is nowhere around. His son, Hubert Gordon Jr., who has hair the color of Campari, says his daddy is in town seeing the doctor. Perry looks concerned. He wheels the truck back onto the road. The Williamston city-limits sign on Highway 125 reads WILLIAMSTON, HOME OF GAYLORD PERRY, JIM PERRY AND BILLY WYNNE. Billy Wynne? He pitched briefly for the Mets, the White Sox and the Angels in the late '60s and early '70s, finishing with a career won-lost record of 8–11. He is in pretty fast company on that road sign. The Perry brothers have won a total of 510 games between them, the most by

continued



Wife Blanche is Gaylord's sophisticated lady.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JERRY WACHTER

GAYLORD PERRY

continued

any brothers in modern baseball history, surpassing the Mathewson brothers' total of 373, all by Christy (Henry had a career record of 0–1). "Jim's doing some scouting and some minor league coaching for the A's now," says Perry, driving swiftly down the two-lane highway. "Lives in Minnesota. His son, Chris, is on a golf scholarship at Ohio State. We see Jim maybe once a year."

Jim is two years older than Gaylord and was the star pitcher on the state champion Williamston High baseball team the one season the two brothers played together there. Gaylord played third base more than he pitched. Jim was the first to sign a professional contract (with the Indians) and the first to reach the big leagues (1959). The Perrys pitched against each other only twice: once in a regular-season game and once in the 1970 All-Star Game, the first brothers to oppose each other in All-Star history. In 1970 Jim won 24 games for the Twins and Gaylord 23 for the Giants, the first brothers to win 20 games apiece in the same season. Jim won the Cy Young Award that year in the American League; Gaylord won it in 1972 with Cleveland and in 1978 with San Diego. Gaylord is the only pitcher to win the award in both leagues; the Perrys are the only brothers to win it. Jim and Gaylord played together for one full season (1974) with Cleveland, winning 38 games between them—21 for Gaylord, 17 for Jim. Both were traded early the next year, when neither could get along with the Indians' new manager, Frank Robinson. Jim retired with 215 wins after the '75 season.

The Perry brothers aren't particularly close, although Gaylord speaks with affection of their childhood on the farm. "It was good having Jim around," he says "He was somebody to play with. We hunted and fished together, and played ball. It's better to do things with somebody. Jim left town after my freshman year in high school, so we weren't together much after that."

Williamston, population 6,015, has the look of a 1930s town. The streets are narrow and the buildings old. Men in overalls lounge in the service stations, sipping Coke and watching with steely eyes what little there is of the passing scene. The streets are mostly empty on this day, with the temperature and the humidity both in the 90s. Perry spots his friend Hopkins outside Dr. Martel Dailey's office on Smithwick Street. Dailey is the composer, with another of Perry's friends, Russ Batchelor, of *The King of the Old Rawhide (The Ballad of Gaylord Perry)*—"He spits at adversity. . . . They told him he was finished/ but he knew he had the magic touch. . . ." Three thousand records of this haunting tune were cut—vocal by one Henry Wong, "an Asian country singer"—and most of them are stored now in Dailey's office.

Hopkins greets Perry eagerly. "Nothing really wrong with me," he says in answer to Perry's worried query. "Just had an electrocardiogram to be safe. Been feeling poor all morning." Hopkins, 48, is of medium height, with black hair and a black mustache and tattoos on both arms. "Gaylord here is our man," he says to a stranger. "When I watch him pitch on cable TV, I come straight here to the doc first to get something to calm my nerves. Doc and I told Gaylord he couldn't retire, 'cause if he did, we wouldn't have anyplace to go."

Assured of Hopkins' continued good health, Perry drives off, waving as he goes at the few pedestrians and passing motorists. "This is a small town," he says needlessly. "You know everybody. You know you can count on everybody. You get to depend on people here." He drives by a small brick house on Weaver Drive. "That was our first home, built in 1961 by Blanche's father, A.J. Manning. Now there's a man who did four things in his life and did them all well—he ran a gas station in the Depression; then a general store; then he went into home-building; and now he's an inspector for the FHA. He built the house I'm in now. He could probably outwork me today. So could my dad. I tell you, my dad is tough, the best athlete in the whole family."

He stops off at Mark Chesson & Sons to look over farm equipment. Mark Chesson himself is at the counter. He is 66, old enough to remember Gaylord's dad, Evan, as a ballplayer. "Oh, he was a fine pitcher," he says. "You had to walk five miles just to play ball in those days. There was a lot of 'em then who would've gone places, but they had to stay behind and work." Perry is joking with Earl Collier, a black man laboring under a hydraulic engine. "The sheriff's always lookin' for this fella," Perry says with mock seriousness. Collier smiles knowingly. "I always say I'm gonna call the sheriff if he don't fix my machines in an hour 'cause he gets paid by the hour."

Perry, the archetypal rural Southerner, seems to get along well with blacks. If anything, he had more difficulty dealing with the new long-haired breed of white ballplayers and journalists in the '60s and '70s, once ordering—but not succeeding in removing—a long-haired reporter from the Giants' team bus. His one clash with a black man in baseball was with Robinson at Cleveland in 1975, Robinson's first year as a manager, and their controversy had its genesis not in race but money. Perry, negotiating a new contract, chided the Indians at the end of the 1974 season for paying a part-time player, which is what Robinson had mostly been that year, far more than Perry received. Asked what he expected for the next season, Perry quipped, "I should make as much as Robinson and a dollar more." When he read the remark in the newspapers, Robinson was furious, and the two nearly came to blows in the Indians' clubhouse. When Robinson was

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named manager the following season, he and Perry, both proud and stubborn men, argued over everything from conditioning techniques to the selection of the team captains, Frank Duffy, a white, and George Hendrick, a black. Perry was angry with both Duffy and Hendrick for their non-appearance in the final game of the '74 season, because their absence on defense, he felt, may have cost him the ERA title. Finally, when Jim Perry complained about being removed from a game too soon, Gaylord remarked, "All the guys were asking me this morning, after reading the paper, if I put on Jim's shirt and pretended to be him. They know Jim doesn't talk that way and I do." Both Perrys were gone from Cleveland before the end of June that year. "Things just didn't work out there," Perry says now of that troublesome time.

Outside the Chesson garage, Elwood Chesson, a lean, cheerful man, watches as Perry examines a new tractor. "Gaylord and I are the same age," he says. "We were both raised here. A lot of people grow up, make good and move to the cities, but Gaylord's stayed loyal. I guess he's a hot-weather man. People like him here. He's a good farmer."

At another farm equipment company, Lilley International, Perry haggles genially with the proprietor, Laurence Lilley, over buying a new tractor. "You know that at the moment I'm unemployed," Perry says, pleading poverty. "Now I do believe I heard something about that," says Lilley, closing the deal on Perry's terms.

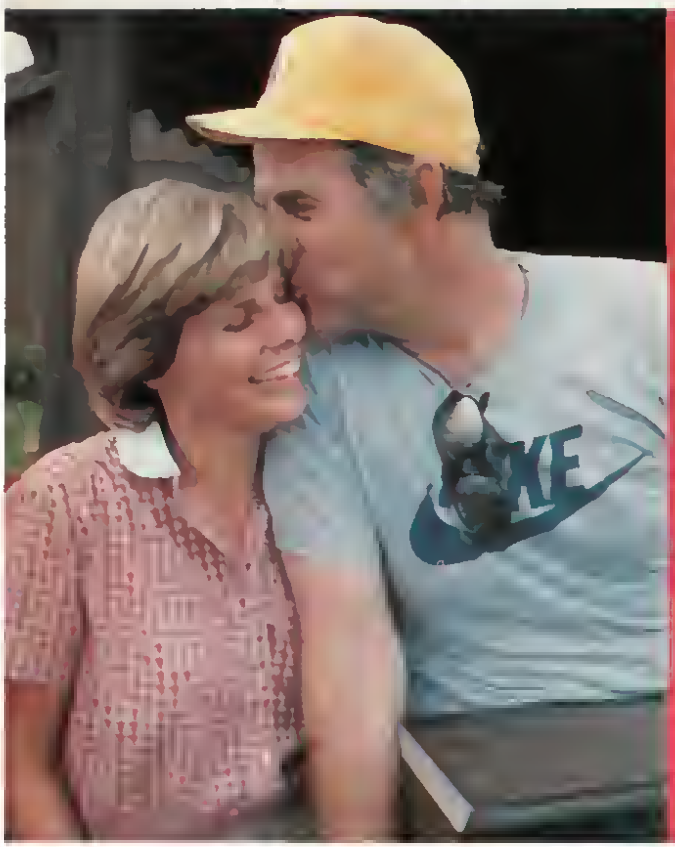
Farther east, on Highway 64, Perry stops at the building site his father-in-law is inspecting. Perry, the tenant farmer's boy, is uncommonly proud of his wife's family, which represents a more aristocratic Southern tradition. There have been Mannings in Williamston for as long as anyone can remember, and they have always been pillars of the community, college people with breeding. Perry considers himself fortunate to have married into such high society. He and Blanche met in high school, where she was a star on the women's basketball team at the same time he starred for the men's. He can be abrupt with her, as he can with most people, but his love and respect are everywhere apparent. They have been married 21 years.

Parking the truck in a swirl of dust, Perry says, "Blanche has a teaching degree from Duke University. And she studied voice in New York—opera. She's her daddy's girl." Manning, a tall, white-haired man of 68, does indeed have a patrician air, even with a blue Braves cap perched on his head. He seems scarcely affected by the brutal heat. "This is a relocation project," he says, gesturing in the dust. "Federal housing. It'll be called the Willow Acres apartments, which is really something." He laughs. "This lot was filled with willow trees. They took every last one of them down and then had the nerve to call it Willow Acres."

Perry gives a sort of Cook's tour of the countryside on the drive back to the farm. "I get my welding done at that place there.... I baled wheat for the guy that owns this farm here.... These are peanut buying stations. They'll do five to 10 million dollars worth of peanuts a year. It's a fascinatin' business. Used to be strictly family, kind of like baseball in the '60s when I was breakin' in. You got paid for your peanuts then exactly what they wanted to give you. That's the way it was in baseball. My first salary with the Giants was $7,000. They told me to take it or leave it. People forget that about ball playing. Now at least there's some competing... in baseball and in peanuts. That fella there makes great cornbread. ... I built that house there myself... Guy I went to high school with had a hog-raising operation right here...."

Blanche is a strikingly *continued*

The major league strike gave Perry his first summer vacation in 24 years and time around the farm with his four children, including Amy, 18, and Beth, 17.





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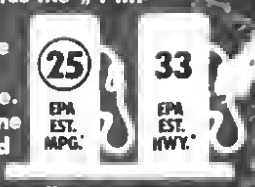
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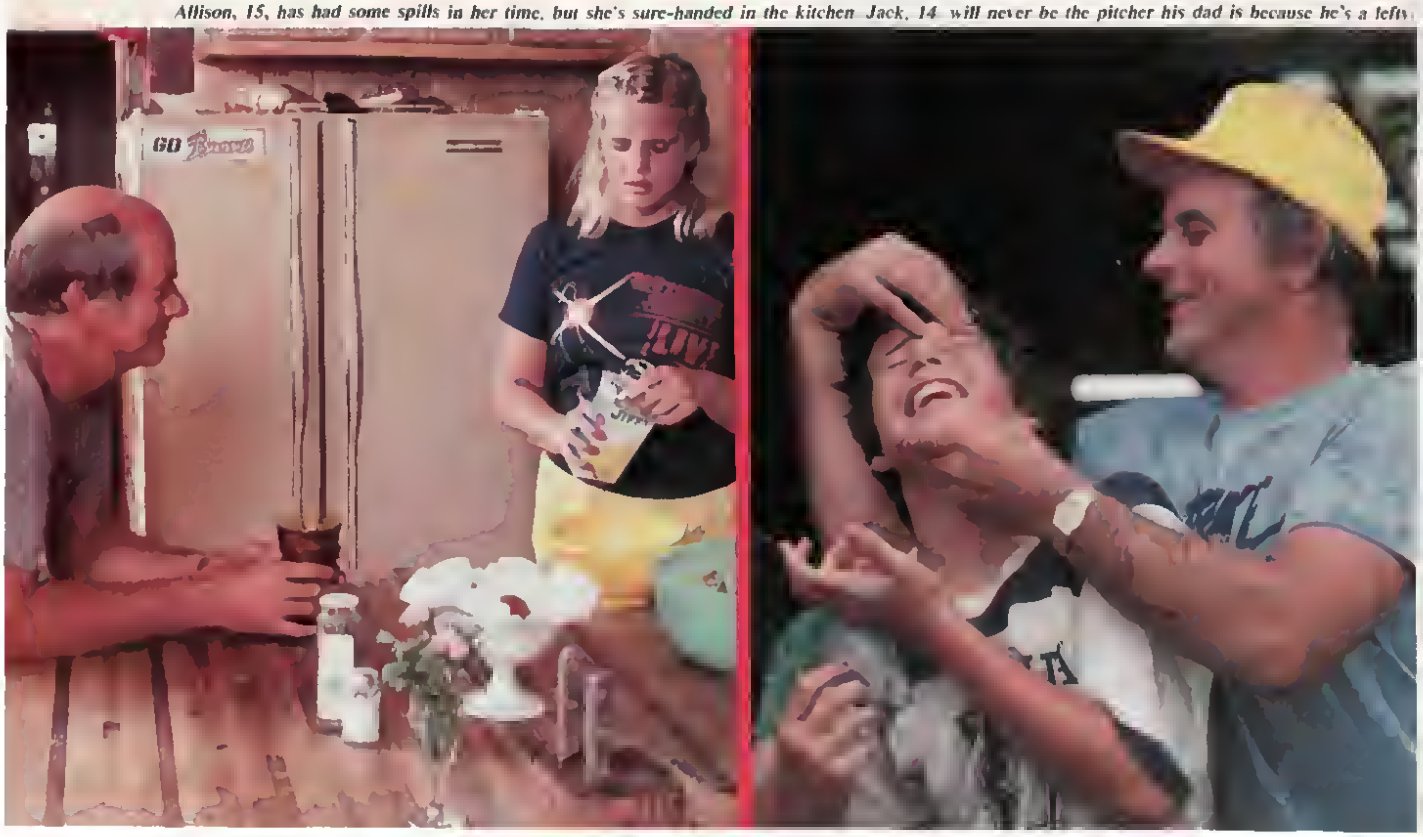
beautiful woman, tall, slim, dark-haired. Like her husband she has an athlete's easy grace, and like her father she seems impervious to the heat. Her beauty is undiminished as, in jeans, she pulls weeds in the family garden. She is accompanied in this inglorious enterprise by Tito, a tiny black Chinese pug, who looks like a large frog and wheezes, gurgles and chuckles like a canine Sydney Greenstreet: "And now, sir ... cough-cough, heh-heh ... for the black bird." Tito was named after Tito Fuentes, the eccentric second baseman who was Perry's good friend and teammate on the Giants. Like many members of the Perry family, the little dog is accident-prone. As a boy, Perry nearly lost a leg in a collision with a pipe, and he almost blew himself to smithereens when he struck a dynamite cap with his ax. Tito got in the way of the family car one day and miraculously survived the accident, although daughter Amy had cause to think otherwise when her sister, Allison, called her at school with news that "Daddy just ran over Tito's head."

Tito chortles over each disinterred weed as Blanche moves swiftly through the watermelon patch. She pauses for a breather and watches her husband running the tractor in the distance. "We stay the same, he fluctuates," she says. "He gets bossy when he first gets home. He even tells us when to breathe. Can you imagine ordering an 18-year-old to bed at 10:30? And that's the third tractor he's bought in a month. Why, that man can't afford to farm." She laughs and rubs her hips. "You'd think I was the one born poor to hear me complain, wouldn't you? But it's good to have him around again. A little unusual for this time of year, though. Gaylord wasn't there when Amy was born in 1962, and he wasn't there for her high school graduation in 1980. That's how long his career has lasted. Gaylord's been very successful, but he's still vulnerable; not having things early in life has made him that way. He was very cocky in school, but the cockiness was just a veneer. He's been put down so much in his life. And there was always Jim's shadow when he was younger." She resumes her weed-pulling, Tito at the ready. "This time off is good for Gaylord. On the road, he just sits around hotel rooms and eats. We trim him down out here."

However many games he ultimately wins, Perry has won a place for himself in baseball history as the most infamous spitball practitioner of modern times. Perry is understandably coy about discussing any present use of the illegal pitch, but he openly confesses that he did throw it in his shady past. He even admitted it in print in a 1974 book, *Me and the Spitter—An Autobiographical Confession*, he wrote with Cleveland sportswriter Bob Sudyk. In the autobiography, he dates the real debut of his spitter to May 31, 1964. It was the 15th inning of a 23-inning game—the second of a doubleheader at that—between the Giants and the Mets at Shea Stadium. There was one out, the Mets' Jim Hickman was on second base, Chris Cannizzaro was the hitter and the score was 6–6.

Perry had learned the pitch that year from Bob Shaw, another San Francisco pitcher, who was an acknowledged master of the black art. Haller, now the Giants' general manager, says both Shaw and Perry received advance tutoring from Frank Shellenback, who was then the Giants' minor league pitching instructor. Haller himself called for the historic spitter after summoning his pitcher to a conference on the mound. Perry had entered the seemingly interminable game two innings earlier and, according to Haller, hadn't shown good stuff. He was in his first full major league season and was fighting at that point to stay on the roster. "We're in a whole lot of trouble," Haller recalls himself saying to the young pitcher. "You better start continued

Allison, 15, has had some spills in her time, but she's sure-handed in the kitchen. Jack, 14, will never be the pitcher his dad is because he's a lefty.



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No gentleman farmer, Perry works at the job.

GAYLORD PERRY

continued

throwing that new pitch you learned." The sign, as improvised by pitcher and catcher, would be one finger, the same as for a fastball, except that Haller would wiggle it. It wouldn't be the last finger waved at Perry in a stormy career that really began that day. In the ensuing years, angry umpires would all but undress him while searching for evidence of wrongdoing.

Perry describes in his book what was going through his mind on the day he turned, in a manner of speaking, to a life of crime: "I was 25 years old, and I had spent most of my first six seasons in the minors. I had 55 victories and 46 losses in the bushes. The season before I'd gotten into 31 games with the Giants. I'd won one and lost six, my worst season playing any kind of baseball. And there I was on the mound at Shea, on the last day of May, with two wins and one defeat. I had made only seven appearances, all in relief. I hadn't started a game in a year. And I had an earned run average of 4.77, nothing to brag about. I thought of my wife, Blanche, our very young children, and Mama and Daddy back home on the farm, all counting on me. And me taking home only $9,500 a year.... I figured if I could master that superpitch, I'd be buying time to develop some other pitches.... The old dewdrop takes total dedication, like any new pitch you learn, only more so."

Anticlimactically, the first spitter to Cannizzaro was in the dirt for a ball, but Perry stayed with it, pitching 10 scoreless innings as the Giants finally won 8–6. From then on, Perry was in the Giants' starting rotation, finishing the year with 12 wins and 11 losses and an ERA of 2.75. He won 21 games for San Francisco in 1966 and 23 in 1970. In 1971 he was traded to the Indians for Pitcher Sam McDowell, a trade that for the Giants has lived in infamy. Perry won 24 games and the Cy Young Award for Cleveland in 1972; McDowell, who has since acknowledged that he had a drinking problem at the time, won 10 games for San Francisco and was sold to the Yankees in 1973. Perry, who still tends to think of himself as a Giant, recalls the trade ruefully. "Charlie Fox [then managing San Francisco] always wanted McDowell. He'd scouted him in high school and thought he could straighten him out. Well, he didn't quite do that, did he now?"

Bouncing back and forth between the two leagues, Perry has been the scourge of accusing batsmen and investigating umpires, constantly eluding prosecution and winning, to date, 173 games in the National League and 122 in the American. He has a fastball, curve, slider, change and forkball, but the spitter, he says without embarrassment, both saved and prolonged his career. His preparations for releasing the ball are so elaborate, no matter what he's throwing—cap-adjusting, shirt-tugging, pants-hitching, rosin-bag-juggling—that batters are convinced he's loading up even when he isn't. He has graduated, he confesses, from simple saliva to Slippery Elm tablets to vaginal jelly to Vaseline. "Lubricants were hard to detect," he wrote in the book. "Like you'd have some on your forehead. As you'd sweat, it'd all blend together. And no matter where you had it hid, you got a lot of time to clean off before any umpire could get out there to inspect you.... Heck, in a few seconds, I could make myself legal."

For all of the speculation on where he hides his evil potions, Perry was—is?—surprisingly aboveboard. He carried the Vaseline, his favored substance, in his uniform jacket pocket. "But, just to be safe," he wrote, "I always told the batboy to be on the alert in case I dropped my tube. Once I slid into home plate and hit the catcher. He went one way, I went the other, and the batboy dove in-between, hunting for the tube. He found it—and I rewarded him with a steak dinner."

Haller estimates that in his years with the Giants, Perry threw the spitter or grease ball "about 80% of the time. I never thought he needed to throw it that often. He was a real student of pitching. He could set the hitters up so well, and he had good velocity and a good breaking ball. He didn't need to rely on one pitch."

The pitch, which looks to the hitter like a fastball until it drops at his feet, was effective enough, but like the Bomb, the threat of it became a weapon in itself, his "phantom pitch." Does he throw it now? "Pitchers do," he answers in a master stroke of non-commitment. Does he teach it to aspiring miscreants? "I would try to help someone who was at

continued

On his 300 acres, Perry raises peanuts, soybeans and corn and tends 14 head of Santa Gertrudis cattle.



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the bottom, someone who needs to save his career. The spitter saved mine."

Perry's reputation shouldn't rest solely on his mastery of an illegal pitch, because no one could have lasted as long and pitched as well as he has with just one pitch. "There is much more to him than that," says Haller. "He's one of the greatest competitors I've ever seen. I don't know of anyone who hates to lose more than he does." In any event, if Perry should win 300, he will be the first spitballer to do it. Burleigh Grimes, who threw the pitch legally even after it was banned (it was decided his career shouldn't be jeopardized because of a rule imposed after he had started pitching), won only 270 games, and he is in the Hall of Fame.

Perry is driving down a country road. There is dense timberland on either side, interspersed between corn and tobacco fields. "I walked 16 miles to high school," he says. "This may not look like much of a road, but it's better than a lot of city streets I've been on. I don't care much for living in the city, but it comes with the job. You have to accept it." The farmhouses are mostly old, some stoutly maintained, others ramshackle. Perry was raised in the house in which his father-in-law was born, and he didn't see indoor plumbing until he got to high school. "That's the church where I went to Sunday school. I looked forward to Sunday school because the church was our social life. You got to see people. . . . I used to hunt rabbits and squirrels in these woods. My father farmed the tobacco fields. When the sun came up, we worked. I guess because of that I've never been able to sleep late, like most ballplayers. I still get up with the sun."

He pulls onto a dirt driveway that leads to a white house with screen doors. A giant pecan tree shelters both the house and an outdoor picnic table from the punishing sun. Perry investigates a tool shed outside. Some of the implements look as if they've been in use since the turn of the century. "On a farm, you don't throw anything away," he explains. "There's a use for everything." His father, who is a few hundred feet away, working with a hose, gestures for his son to join him. Evan Perry is shorter by seven inches than either of his sons, but he has the angular look of a Grant Wood farmer. His forearms, like Gaylord's, are thick and corded, and his long narrow face is mostly taken up with a large sunburned nose. He is wearing overalls and a green cap, and at 62 he still seems quick and agile. Evan taught his sons how to play baseball, but in his poverty he couldn't have dreamed they would become so successful playing a game he never made much more out of than, well, peanuts. Evan had to choke back the tears the day Gaylord signed with the Giants for a $73,500 bonus, for he himself had been a baseball legend in Martin County, a pitcher who could win both games of a doubleheader in the broiling heat. But Evan couldn't afford to leave his family and farm work behind for anything so risky as a career in professional sports. Evan was only 17 when Jim was born, and 19 when Gaylord arrived.



After his retirement, Gaylord can just keep on truckin'.

The screen door swings open to a large kitchen, cooled, thankfully, by an air conditioner. There are preserves everywhere. Perry's mother, Ruby, is watching the *Mike Douglas Show* on television in the living room. She rises from a capacious couch to greet her son. "Mama doesn't meet new folks in the normal way," Perry says. "She greets their stomachs." He recalls that when she first met Blanche, his mother offered her a huge wedge of apple pie and then apologized that there was no ice cream to go with it. Ruby Perry is a husky, florid-faced woman with a friendly smile. "How'd you like that rain last night, Gaylord? Lightning near scared me to death." Blanche has said, "Gaylord is a blend of his mother and father. He has his daddy's grace and skill and his mama's aggressiveness. That woman is never satisfied. When she's threatened, she rises to the occasion."

"Let me get my bat," Evan says. "You'll never see one like this." He disappears into a closet and reemerges carrying a long black baseball bat. "Try this one," he encourages a visitor, who, in attempting to take a stance with it, realizes something is terribly wrong. "It's solid steel," says Evan, handling it easily. "Weighs 30 pounds." Gaylord is already on his way to the door. He knows this joke. "Gaylord didn't grow up with a lot of communication," Blanche will say.

Blanche, Amy and Allison are in the kitchen preparing lunch. Allison is a tall, robust blonde who, like Tito and her father, is a bad insurance risk. "We stopped counting after 300 stitches," says Blanche of Allison's injuries from falls off horses, bikes and walls. "Daddy fell right down those stairs and messed his hand up on the television set," says Allison, by way of establishing that she's not the only klutz in the family. "Another time he was fooling with us, and Cotton [a white Maltese, who, at 11, is the oldest of the five Perry dogs] got protective. Bit him right on the arm. It got infected."

Amy has her mother's stunning good looks, though her hair is sandy, not dark. A horse fancier, she owns a thoroughbred filly named Bay Bee I'm Back. For Father's Day, Amy gave Perry two white geese named Ham and Cheese, while Allison gave him a case of Wente Bros. Grey Riesling. Perry had expressed no previous affection for geese, although he enthusiastically welcomed Ham and Cheese into the family menagerie, but he does enjoy an occasional glass of white wine, his only alcoholic indulgence. Perry bursts in and out of the house in the course of his chores, alternately badgering his women and being affectionate. His daughters follow him outside after one foray.

"Gaylord's unpredictable, to say the least," says Blanche, sipping a glass of iced tea. "He's hard to live with and hard to live without. There's no one more chauvinistic than a rural Southern guy, but Gaylord has broadened over the

years, liberalized his attitude toward women. Oh, there have been a few times I've felt like driving him right off a mountain, but then I figured it would hurt too much.

"Gaylord does things impulsively but with confidence. I remember a photographer once asked me kiddingly if Gaylord could please make it stop raining. I said, 'No, he can't, but don't tell him.' He has to be the center of attention. It's important for him to be that way. If he went out there on the mound thinking of himself as a fat 42-year-old, he couldn't do what he's done. Gaylord is so strong physically because he didn't have all this equipment we've got today. He had to do it all himself when he was a boy. He had to tear the corncobs in half with his bare hands. One blow from his sledgehammer and a fence post goes halfway down. It would take anybody else three swings to get the same result. Gaylord's muscles don't get soft here."

She pops some collards in a pot and laughs softly. "I tell you, it's like living with a tornado. And he just has to win. I beat him once at gin rummy and he threw the cards at me, he was so mad. You see some beautiful specimens in baseball today, but they don't know how to win. They were raised on their mamas' knees. Gaylord concentrates so much that he gets moody on days when he's going to pitch. Even now, when he's not playing, he gets edgy every fourth or fifth day. We just say, 'Oh, oh, it's his turn to pitch.' The thing is, we love him whether he wins or loses. It's constant. We don't treat him like a hero the way the others do. He's coming to realize that. People can flatter him, tell him how wonderful he is, but that doesn't necessarily transfer to other things. Being able to sift out insincerity is important. Sometimes you have to be nice to so many people, there's not much left for your loved ones."

Perry is playing pepper with Jack and Jack's friend, Richard Wilson, whom everyone just calls Wilson. He is uncompromising with the teen-agers, grounding hard shots back at them, ragging them for missing balls, for sloppy throws. "Throw me that forkball, boy, and I'll rope you," he shouts to his son. "Wilson, you oughta be able to hit about .400 the way you field."

He is a hard man. Only the sandy soil where he lives is soft. The weather,

continued



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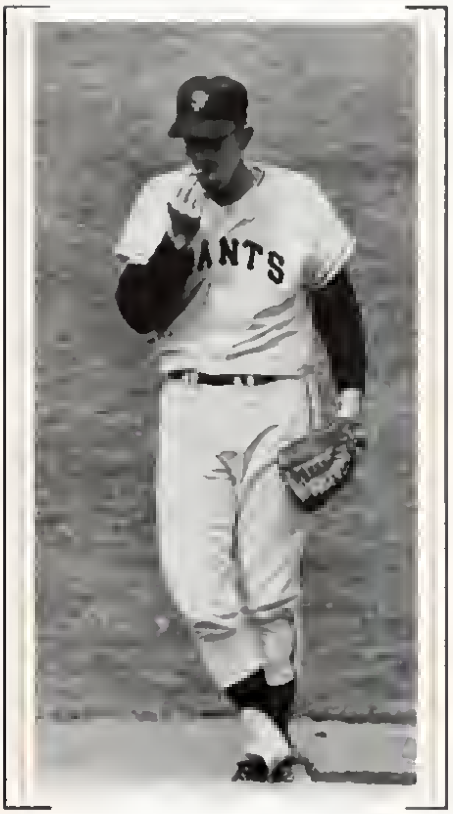


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the people, the work are hard. Perry has taken this hardness into baseball. Pitching, for him, is another form of work, nothing more. You do what you can to get the other guy out, even if it means breaking a rule. If you get caught, you go on to something else. When he finally quits playing, and even he knows that will be soon, he would like to stay active in the game somehow. Significantly, he sees himself as a front-office man, a planter of seeds. "I think I know what it takes to build a team," he says. "You've got to have players who can still play well with minor injuries. I've been out there after line drives have bounced off my shins. I've been out there with groin pulls, with things that would keep other pitchers out of the rotation. You just tape those things up and go get 'em. It's part of your work. You need guys who will sacrifice. Three hundred wins? The only goals I set for myself are to be ready to pitch when the manager calls on me and to keep my team in the game. It's hard work. I grew up like that. You've gotta fight and work for it."



By the late 1960s, Perry had pitching licked.

The rain comes almost without warning. Allison is riding her horse, Champagne Sally, and her father is on the tractor. The girl's blonde hair trails her like the tail of a comet as she rides hard back to the barn. Perry jumps down and trots up to the house. Stomping his feet, he calls inside to Blanche, "It's Ripple time." Laughing, she arrives at the door with a half-gallon bottle, not of Ripple, thank heavens, but of Almaden Chablis. Together, they retreat to a shed alongside the house, which Blanche uses as an office and a TV room. Rain on the farm is cause for celebration. "It's like two runs in the ninth when you're down by one," Perry says, passing paper cups. "It's been too dry around here."

The shed is a shelter from what looks and sounds like a war outside—startling flashes of light, thunderous explosions. Inside, the atmosphere is festive. It's the end of a long workday, and the rain has come at the right time. Perry switches on the television set for the newscast. On the screen, ballplayers are depicted at work and at play, being interviewed about the strike.

"My daddy was such a fan," Blanche says, "he wouldn't let me date Gaylord before a game. 'Don't ruin that boy's career,' he'd say." Perry shushes her, for he himself appears now on the screen. He is shown walking through his cornfields, the farmer at work. "I think this will last 'bout three weeks," his screen image says unprophetically. Perry watches himself and sips the wine. The rain beats on the roof like sticks on a kettle drum, and thunder shakes the little building. Perry switches channels away from all the baseball talk. The rain stops.

That night, he and Blanche will ride their horses through the fields and woods in the moonlight, sometimes side by side, sometimes he in the lead, sometimes she.

The ferocious competitor, the glowering game-day ogre, looks relaxed, even cheerful, as, stubble-faced (he shaves after games) he reclines before his locker in the visitors' clubhouse at San Diego Jack Murphy Stadium, working a miniature barbell with his pitching arm, enthusiastically greeting intruders. "I tell ya, pardner, it's good to be back to baseball," he says, puffing slightly from his minor exertions. "That farm work was killin' me." Son Jack is at his side, having grown, it seems, another two inches between mid-June and the end of the strike. Perry reaches out to touch the boy's shoulder. "Been taking Jack on road trips with me since he was in diapers. Blanche is back home with the girls, but she'll be with me when we come back out here in September."

Perry hasn't pitched in San Diego since he walked away from the team nearly two years ago. He hasn't pitched in a regular-season game since June 7. The old man's spirits are pumped sky high for the Second Coming. He is getting a chance to pitch again and, for good measure, he has succeeded in stirring up some beloved controversy. Before the game, the second of the renewed season, the umpires warn his manager, Bobby Cox, against any excessive use of the rosin bag. Perry is not to throw the "puffball," a perfectly legitimate pitch in every respect, except that it originates in a powdery hand and comes to the batter out of a disconcerting cloud of rosin dust. Perry is obviously enjoying this latest little imbroglio.

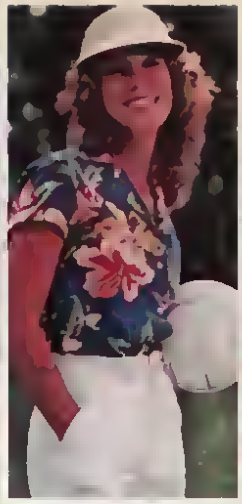
Perry's control is impeccable as he easily subdues the Padres, "keeping them line drives," as he puts it, "in the big part of the ball park." The Padres do hit some shots off him in the early innings, but Perry is unruffled. In uncharacteristic deference to the umpires' dictum, he even eschews the rosin bag altogether—"for the first time in my career." Instead, he pops the ball in his glove, looks back over his shoulder to make certain there are seven men behind him, rubs his forehead, fingers his nose, tugs his cap, stares balefully at the hitter, scratches his armpit with his gloved hand, extends both hands over his head as if in supplication and, finally—praise be to Heaven—releases the ball.

He throws mostly forkballs this night, walks no one, strikes out no one, throws only 51 pitches and allows five hits and one run (in the fifth) in his five-inning stint. His lead is protected by relievers Al Hrabosky and Rick Camp, and the Braves win it for him, 5–1. He is five wins now from 300.

Afterward he is asked the inevitable. "I don't want to stop at 300." he tells the assembled media people. He looks at them as if they are daft. "You know," he says, a canny Southern country boy smile creasing the stubbled cheeks, "I don't ever go out there figuring to lose. I'm not made that way." END



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On The Scene

by JOAN ACKERMANN-BLOUNT

HERE A PEGASUS, THERE A MISS PIGGY AT THIS ANNUAL SAND CASTLE CONTEST

"It's good sand this year, yeah," said 15-year-old Elizabeth Stanley, who, in a white cowboy hat, beaded cornrows and rainbow-colored bathing suit, was in a crouch, working on her Pegasus. "Free Flight," as she called it, would later win first prize in her category: Sand Hoppers, ages nine to 15. "Some people don't understand how sand can be nice one day and not the next, but it can. When the sun's out, it dries up the sand fast and everything blows away. Last year it was so hot [107°] the sand fell right apart; we had to put wet towels down on the finished parts."

But for last month's sixth annual Arkansas River Sand Castle Contest overcast skies, a mercifully steady breeze from upriver and a fine bluegrass band named Country Jam helped to temper the 90° day; banjo and fiddle notes shot holes through the heat. Five thousand people turned out for the event, 1,000 competing in the contest—all ages, all backgrounds (there was even a family from France), some in teams, some solo—and the other 4,000 partaking of the sand, the breeze, the music. Many of them spent the afternoon knee-deep in the channel of water separating the riverbank from the sandbar on which the contest was held.

"Elizabeth has *artistic flair*," whispered her mother, Lorraine, from the blanket where she was cheering her daughter on. "Look! That's the leg of the horse coming up right there." Sure enough, there was the horse's leg, the muscle flexed and ready to kick up a faceful of sand. "Last year she made false teeth. They was right on top of each other; called them *Jaws*. Two years before that she made a basketball sneaker, shoelaces and all. Had it up on a little pedestal."

Although the event is called a sand castle contest, any form made with natural materials—sand, grass, twigs—qualfiies.

"You'll see a little bit of everything before the day's over," said Sid Anderson, a retired glazier from Broken Arrow, Okla. "Oh, they build animals, alligators, you name it. They'll have a fish out there and all the details. Some of 'em are good and some of 'em are not so good. Few years ago a lady built a big sea turtle, six feet in diameter, all different colors. You'd be afraid to walk by that turtle, afraid what you might git your leg bit off."

All up and down the sandbar—from one end, where the Sand Pros, architects and landscape architects, were calculating with slide rules, to the other end, where Sand Fleas, ages one to eight, were using spit for glue—sand was beaten, molded, packed, flung, sprayed, sung to, cursed at and caressed. The results: a flying dragon; a whale with a bush for a spout; a swimmer clinging to a raft; an octopus on the back of a dinghy; alligators hatching out huge eggs in a work entitled *Birth of a Preppie*; a plane with the message DON'T DESERT TULSA; a basset hound with suckling puppies. There was an enormous head created by Ellen Owen, a



ILLUSTRATION BY ARNIE LEVIN

sculptor from Bartlesville, Okla. ("My only problem was I couldn't make the nose work," she said. "It kept sliding off. In sand sculpture, you have trouble with protrusions.") Miss Piggy was there, as was Snoopy on top of a doghouse, surrounded by a fort wall built by Meana Penairo, a lively, middle-aged woman who sang while she worked, "I'll never get rich . . . digging a ditch, ha!"

"If we lose, I'm gonna come back and jump on it," said one youth, who was wearing a KISS hat, and building an Egyptian tomb with a partner.

"Manley, you do, I'll *kill* you," retorted his partner.

"I'm trying to make some people drinking wine," said T.C. Kirby, a little girl visibly exasperated with her supposed teammates, Jerome and Kelly, who were off in separate corners of their allotted 10 x 10-foot plot, each working on private projects—an anchor and an oasis.

A blond, tanned little boy named Michael was industriously applying pebbles to the side of a fast-eroding mound of wet sand. Little pools of water surrounded the mound.

"I call it *The Great Arkansas River*," he said proudly, standing up. "Last year me and Jason won first prize. It was called *The Three Wonderful Castles of the World and a Couple Little Bitty Ones*. That's my friend Jason, there."

Jason's work was even more abstract—several piles of wet sand, a few bent aluminum pie plates and a blue sneaker rising like a whale out of a pool.

"What are you making?"

"Well . . . the prehistoric . . . thing. What is it, Michael?" He turned to his friend. "Time? The Prehistoric Time? Yeah, that's it. See, we have a sandpile at home, we make stuff, practice. I drawed that," he said, pointing to *The Prehistoric Time*. "Well, no, I didn't really draw it, I *saw* it. I saw it in a movie called *Alien*."

"Hey! What happened?" A heavy man, panting and sweating in wet madras shorts, was addressing a small team of near-naked children. "I walked across the river to get you all T shirts. When I left, there was a castle. Now, when I come back, there's a bull's head." He was cross-eyed over the transformation.

"That's the problem with sand," said Michael. "You got to constantly decide what it is. See, sand can be . . . anything."

"Yeah," said Jason, scooping up a large fistful of *The Prehistoric Time* and throwing it out over the river. It broke and scattered in the air. Off in the distance, behind the foreground of poplars, cottonwoods and elms, rose the concrete, glass and steel skyline of downtown Tulsa, of modern times. "That's why I like it," said Jason, beaming as he studied the tiny grains of quartz that were clinging to his open hand. END





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America's Storyteller



"Almost every city and town has an exquisitely landscaped, monumentally columned shrine to local war dead of World War II. The eternal flame is sometimes guarded by smartly uniformed teen-agers, frequently girls, carrying Kalashnikov assault rifles. Memory of the war easily translates into public willingness to make economic sacrifices for the sake of military preparedness." ***TIME, June 23, 1980.***

Read TIME and understand.

TIME

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Aug. 10-16

Compiled by ALEXANDER WOLFF

BOATING—Great Britain's VICTORY a 33-foot sloop skippered by Phil Crehhin was first to finish the 605-mile Fastnet ocean race. By winning, Great Britain clinched the Admiral's Cup with 814 points 98 more than the U.S.

BOWLING—DAVE SOLTAR beat Marshall Holman 222–181 to win a $110,000 PBA event in Austin, Texas.

DIVING—At the U.S. Outdoor Championships in Mission Viejo, Calif., KELLY McCORMICK was the women's one-meter champion, MEGAN NEYER won the three-meter title and DEBBIE RUSH was victorious in the 10-meter competition. BRUCE KIMBALL prevented GREG LOUGANIS from sweeping all three men's events by winning the 10-meter title.

PRO FOOTBALL—The NFL's field-goal kickers put their best feet—or insteps—forward in preseason play. Philadelphia's Tony Franklin, erratic last season, struck from 44, 47 and 49 yards in the Eagles' 36–20 defeat of Pittsburgh, and Kansas City's Nick Lowery hit two in a 13–0 shutout of Chicago. St. Louis' Neil O'Donoghue had three field goals in a 30–21 win over Seattle the Seahawks' 10th straight defeat at home. Cleveland beat Buffalo 13–10 on Dave Jacobs' 32-yard FG, and Joe Danelo's three-pointer—from 29 yards with three seconds remaining—gave the Giants a 20–17 win over Baltimore. With Tampa Bay trailing New England 17–16 and 12 seconds left, the Buccaneers' Gato Yepremian tried valiantly from 49 yards, but the ball bounced off the crossbar. Another old pro, Jan Stenerud, was more successful, connecting on a club-record 53-yarder in Green Bay's 34–14 defeat of Oakland. The Pack, winless in the 1980 preseason but 2–0 this year, got a 5-for-5 performance and one TD from Quarterback Lynn Dickey in his only full quarter of play. Other signal-callers also made their mark in brief appearances. Jack Thompson threw 20 yards for one score, then set up another with a fourth-quarter 60-yard bomb in Cincinnati's 30–20 defeat of the Lions, and second-string QB Don Strock threw—and connected on—all six of his passes in a decisive 78-yard TD drive during Miami's 24–14 defeat of Denver. A surprise passer, Redskins Back Joe Washington threw for one score, and then ran for another as the Skins thumped Minnesota 27–13. Nine of Pat Haden's 11 passes in a 34–21 Los Angeles loss to New England on Monday night were caught—four by Patriot defenders. But Haden bounced back on Saturday in a 33–21 victory over Dallas, completing 17 of 25 passes with only one interception [*page 20*]. In other games, Atlanta survived a late Jets' charge to win 21–20. Dwight Scales grabbed a tipped Ed Luther pass to complete a 73-yard scoring play in San Diego's 31–28 defeat of San Francisco, and Bum Phillips' New Orleans Saints drubbed Houston, his former team, 27–7 as rookie George Rogers scored two TDs.

GOLF—HUBERT GREEN's tournament-record-tying 20-under-par 264 gave him a one-stroke victory over Roger Maltbie, Bobby Clampett and Fred Couples in the Sammy Davis Jr.-Greater Hartford Open, a $300,000 tournament in Wethersfield, Conn.

JULI INKSTER of Los Altos, Calif., won her second straight U.S. Women's Amateur Championship, defeating Australia's Lindy Goggin one up in Portland, Ore.

JAN STEPHENSON shot an LPGA-record 18-under-par 198 to defeat Sandra Haynie by 11 strokes in a $150,000 event in Dallas.

HARNESS RACING—ICARUS LOBELL ($3.20), Herve Filion in the sulky, overtook Rabbit Road at the wire in the $463,000 Lawrence B. Sheppard Pace at Yonkers Raceway. The 2-year-old colt covered the mile in 1:59.

HORSE RACING—WILLOW HOUR ($50.20), Eddie Maple aboard, beat Pleasant Colony by a head in the $226,000 Travers Stakes at Saratoga. The 3-year-old ran the sloppy 1¼ miles in 2:03⅘ [*page 86*].

Cash Asmussen rode AMBER PASS ($8.40) to a two-length victory over Joanie's Chief in the $284,300 Monmouth Handicap at Monmouth Park. The 4-year-old covered the 1⅛ miles in 1:47⅘.

MOTOR SPORTS—RICHARD PETTY won a 400-mile Grand National event in Brooklyn, Mich., driving his Buick at 123.457 mph around the two-mile Michigan International Speedway oval. He finished a car length ahead of Darrell Waltrip, also in a Buick.

JACQUES LAFFITE, averaging 133.949 mph in a Talbot-Ligier, won the Austrian Grand Prix in Zeltweg by 5.17 seconds over René Arnoux, who drove a Renault. The winner took 1:27:36.47 to cover 54 laps of the 3.7-mile circuit.

SOCCER—NASL. Several streaks ended last week as most of the league's 15 playoff positions were spoken for. The Cosmos, 23–8 and the first club to qualify for post-season play, and Toronto, 6–25 and one of the first to be *dis*qualified, both broke losing streaks on the same night. The Blizzard ended a nine-game skid as Alex Cropley's two goals helped down Montreal 4–3 in OT, and the Cosmos snapped a three-game skein, their longest since 1974, by thumping Washington 4–2. The top two playoff-bound clubs in the West met, and San Diego's bid to win 10 in a row was foiled by Los Angeles, which beat the Sockers 3–1 and crept within five points of them with one game left. Although Socker Striker Mike Stojanovic kept a personal run alive in that game, scoring in his league-record-tying 10th straight game, his streak ended three nights later in a 3–2 Socker defeat of San Jose. Tulsa dealt Minnesota its first loss in six games, 2–0, and clinched a playoff berth. Others surely in the playoffs, which begin on Aug. 20, include Calgary, Atlanta, Northwest Division-leading Vancouver and Central leader Chicago, which got three goals from Arno Steffenhagen in a 7–2 drubbing of Minnesota, another playoff-bound club.

ASL. Pennsylvania and Carolina, leaders in their conferences virtually all season, began feeling heat from New York United and Detroit, respectively. United picked up three wins, 4–1 over Cleveland on three goals by Forward Redmond Lane, a 1–0 forfeit over the defunct New England Sharks and 2–1 over Pennsylvania, which was just three points ahead of United in the Liberty Conference at week's end. Meanwhile, Freedom Conference leader Carolina lost to the New York Lagles 2–0 as Bill Bulevic scored twice, and Detroit pulled to within three points of the Lightnin' by tying Rochester 2–2 in OT before losing to Pennsylvania 1–0.

SWIMMING—MARY T. MEAGHER lowered her own women's 200-meter and 100-meter world butterfly records at the U.S. Long Course Championships in Brown Deer, Wis., swimming the 200 in 2:05.96, .41 faster than her old mark and the 100 in 57.93, 1.33 better than her previous record [*page 24*].

JON ERIKSON, a 26-year-old phys-ed teacher from Chicago, became the first swimmer to cross the English Channel three ways nonstop. He began at Dover, England and finished 38 hours and 27 minutes later at Wissant, France. Canadian law student Cindy Nicholas (SI, Aug. 10) gave up her three-way crossing attempt three days earlier after two legs.

TENNIS—MARY LOU PIATEK defeated Sue Barker 6–4, 6–1 in a $100,000 event in Richmond, Va.

In three $75,000 Grand Prix tournaments, BRIAN TEACHER defeated John Austin 6–3, 6–2 in Grove City, Ohio. BRIAN GOTTFRIED beat Tony Graham 6–3, 6–3 in Stowe, Vt., and GENE MAYER downed Dave Siegler 6–1, 6–1 in Cleveland.

TRACK & FIELD—ANTOANETA TODOROVA of Bulgaria set a women's world javelin record of 235' 10" in Zagreb, Yugoslavia. The previous mark of 229' 11" was held by Tatyana Biryulina of the U.S.S.R.

MILEPOSTS—DECLARED. After 68 days, a mistrial in the federal case between Oakland Raiders owner Al Davis and the Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum Commission, and the NFL, over Davis' attempt to move the Raiders to Los Angeles (*page 16*).

PLEADED GUILTY. In a federal district courtroom in Los Angeles, as part of a plea agreement, former Wells Fargo Bank official LLOYD BENJAMIN LEWIS, 47, to two counts of embezzlement and one count of conspiring with former boxing promoter Harold R. Smith, 39, and Sammie Marshall, 36, to defraud Wells Fargo of some $21.3 million. Lewis is expected to testify as a government witness at the trial of Smith and Marshall, who were indicted last month on similar charges and pleaded not guilty. The trial is scheduled for Oct. 13.

CREDITS

4—Lane Stewart. **24**—Buck Miller (top), Heinz Kluetmeier. **25**—Heinz Kluetmeier (left), Buck Miller. **26**—Heinz Kluetmeier. **27**—Buck Miller. **28,29**—Paul Kennedy (left), John Iacono. **30**—Tony Tomsic (top), Paul Kennedy. **36**—Paul Kennedy (top), John Iacono. **36, 37**—Eric Schweikardt (top), Bill Eppridge. **38**—Eric Schweikardt (top), Bill Eppridge. **42**—Heinz Kluetmeier (top), Eric Schweikardt. **46**—Bill Eppridge. **73-76**—Eric Schweikardt. **80 81**—Cary W. Tolman. **82**—Eric Schweikardt. **84**—Ida Astute ABC Sports. **84**—Berton Silverman. **94,95**—Andy Hayt. **106**—AP.

FACES IN THE CROWD



KIRSTEN KRONER
VALLEJO, CALIF.

Kirsten, 12, the only girl on the East Vallejo Little League All-Star team, hit .522 and had a 7–2 record with a 2.07 ERA while leading Trailer City to the league title. She also pitched a no-hitter and hit three homers in one tournament game.



WILLIAM D'AVANZO
MINEOLA, N.Y.

D'Avanzo, 56, a public-works superintendent, shot two holes in one in an 18-hole round at the St. George's Golf and Country Club. He aced the 181-yard 7th hole with a four-wood, and the 122-yard 17th with a seven-iron.



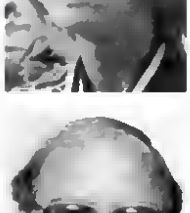
DAVE FRICK
MONESSEN, PA.

Dave, a recent graduate of Monongahela Valley Catholic High, succeeded on all 98 of his stolen-base attempts during a three-year varsity career. The centerfielder, whose total is the fourth highest on record for a high-schooler, also hit .344.



MARIA SHOUP
CUSTER, MICH.

Maria, a June graduate of Mason County Eastern High, won a Michigan-record 10 individual state Class D track and field titles in four years. She set six state marks, including two in 1981, in the long jump (18′ 5″) and 200-meter low hurdles (28.9).



ROGER BLAD
BURNSVILLE, MINN.

Blad, a 34-year-old route supervisor for a soft-drink company, rolled three 300 games and two 800 series during 12 consecutive games in a match series at Orkula's 32 Bowl Hts. 12-game total of 3,012 is the second highest in ABC history.



TERRI TAYLOR
SYRACUSE, N.Y.

Taylor, in her first season at Onondaga Community College, was the winning pitcher in 29 of the fast-pitch Braves' 33 victories. She had 15 shutouts and five no-hitters, including two perfect games. She had pitched only four innings in high school.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

ENVIRONMENTAL HAZARDS

Sir:

Bravo to Robert H. Boyle for his fine editorial regarding James Watt, the Reagan Administration and Westerners (SCORECARD, Aug. 10)! Yes, Watt is diluting Western support of Reagan. During the past election, Ronald Reagan received tons of support from the millions of outdoor-minded Westerners who believe strongly in sound fiscal policy. After all, both Colorado and Wyoming have a constitution that prohibits deficit spending by the state government, and the climate for business out here is sunny. But now, many of us are viewing support for the current Administration with mixed feelings.

Let's not forget that the rest of the country comes *here* to hunt, fish, ski, hike, camp, bicycle tour, raft rivers, kayak, etc. One or two false moves concerning water (precious little out here) or energy development or automobile pollu..on, and the fragile Western environment will hold little enjoyment. Already the air pollution in Denver makes a trip to Mile High Stadium to watch our beloved Broncos a choking experience.

Perhaps we should move to the family farm in Vermont. What is acid rain anyway?

GLENN H. LAMBERTZ
Denver

Sir:

The crescendo of criticism exposing Interior Secretary James Watt is growing deafening. Your editorial, "James Watt and Other Environmental Hazards," was one of the most insightful.

Anne Gorsuch + John Crowell + James McAvoy = James Watt = President Reagan = the worst threat to this earthly turf since geometric population growth.

Let's hope (pray) your stand helps redirect the thinking of our misguided leaders. Keep calling 'em as you see 'em.

MARK A. ISHKANIAN
Augusta, Maine

Sir:

James Watt, John Crowell, Anne Gorsuch and President Reagan himself were not given a mandate to destroy our environment last November. In a 1980 survey, the Council on Environmental Quality found that only 20% of the respondents favored relaxing environmental standards to achieve economic growth, while 39% believed that environmental protection and economic growth could be achieved at the same time. 27% favored a slower rate of economic growth in order to protect the environment and some 13% had no opinion. If the Administration continues its strange and backward policies toward the environment, it will run into serious public-opinion troubles. The test might come this fall when the Administration tries to gut the Clean Air Act.

ALAN P. MYRICK
Greensboro, N.C.

Sir:

Thank you for Robert H. Boyle's fine editorial regarding the ridiculous environmental policies of James Watt. Being a Californian, I am particularly disgusted with Watt's inane ways. I can only hope that Boyle's outburst will help this country realize that it takes only one Watt in power to ruin our environment.

JACK BUNGART
Merced, Calif.

Sir:

I congratulate you on your editorial concerning Secretary of the Interior James Watt. I'm sure many armchair athletes would prefer that you stick to reporting on football, baseball and basketball, but I'd like to think that there are many other subscribers who are not quite so narrow-minded. I'm delighted with the broad range of sports reporting that you engage in. That we have a President and a Secretary of the Interior who seem to have little regard for the preservation of untouched land, when there are those of us—hunters, backpackers, fishermen, birders—who delight in it, is well worth your attention. It seems ironic that this land will be desecrated so that we all may share in our nonrenewable energy sources, while federal funding for renewable-energy development (solar energy, etc.) has been drastically cut.

I'd also like to thank you for devoting some of your magazine to those of us who prefer to participate in sports activities rather than spend our lives as watchers.

MIKE HOGAN
Knoxville, Tenn.

Sir:

I cannot let Robert H. Boyle's attack upon James Watt and others, most notably my father, John B. Crowell Jr., pass without comment. There is not an American alive who does not recognize the need for protecting our environment so that future generations may reap the same bounty we enjoy. Yet when we as a people lead a life that depends upon the consumption of a great deal of energy and natural resources, the question is: How do we maintain that desired life-style and yet ensure that our children will also be able to enjoy the benefits of nature?

Broad-scale attacks such as Boyle's do not even begin to answer the question, much less face it. As an Oregonian, a respected lawyer, a longtime active member of the Audubon Society, a gentleman farmer and an avid fisherman for the noble steelhead, my father is uniquely qualified to give the U.S. Forest Service the change in direction it so clearly needs.

JOHN P. CROWELL
Lake Oswego, Ore.

Sir:

Enclosed please find page 9 of my Aug. 10 issue entitled "James Watt and Other Environmental Hazards," which was apparently included in SI by mistake. Just what does this have to do with sports—or has attacking Watt been elevated to the new national pastime by some publications?

Besides, Watt is just Watt is needed after the excesses of his predecessors.

J.F. KINNEY
Sioux City, Iowa

Sir:

I wish to express my objection to the inclusion of political editorials—regardless of viewpoint—in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. What next? SI's official position on the air controllers' strike?

RICHARD H. KNIGHT JR.
Nashville

COVER JINKS

Sir:

Hail to SI for the most innovative coverage of baseball during this strike-ridden season. You immediately took a stand on the strike with your June 22 cover caption, "The Walkout the Owners Provoked." Later on, you brought us Frank Oeford's perceptive portrayal of Tom Seaver (*Behind the Fence*, July 27). However, your Aug. 10 cover was the best. It's hard to take this baseball season seriously, and the reprint of the cover from your original 1981 Baseball Issue (April 13) says it all. This baseball season is a farce!

JOE SCHREIBER
Plantation, Fla.

Sir:

The next time you decide to replay a cover photo, I, for one, would like to see Christie Brinkley (Feb. 9) again. She beats an overweight George Brett any day.

TOM MALABO
Tucson

Sir:

In your 27 years of fine publications, is this the first time you've ever repeated a cover photograph?

CHRIS TURKMANY
Los Angeles

• Several SI covers have made multiple appearances. Our very first cover photograph—of Eddie Mathews batting, Wes Westrum catching and Augie Donatelli behind the plate (Aug. 16, 1954)—was twice reproduced, in

continued

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smaller scale, to commemorate the magazine's first and second anniversaries (Aug. 15, 1955 and Aug. 20, 1956). In a similar fashion, the March 3, 1980 cover shot of our victorious U.S. Olympic hockey team was used once more as part of our Dec. 22-29, 1980 Sportsmen of the Year cover. And a full-size cover photo of star-crossed Pitcher Denny McLain (July 29, 1968) appeared again on our Feb. 23, 1970 issue. In addition, early (1956-58) SI Special Baseball, College Football and College Basketball issues bore striking resemblances to their respective counterparts because they followed set formats, each featuring a picture of a baseball, football or basketball against a plain background.—ED

ANOTHER HANNAN FAN

Sir:

Hooray for John Hannah! And Paul Zimmerman, of course. His article *John Hannah Doesn't Fiddle Around* (Aug. 3) was one of the best sports stories I've ever read. It dealt not only with a great sports star, but also a great man.

I'm grateful to Zimmerman for writing an article about a top offensive lineman. Not that the usual "super running back" articles are boring, it's just that it's time a little credit was given to the hardest-working players on any football team. Oftentimes, being an offensive lineman means existing in total obscurity—unless you're a contract holdout—while brutalizing yourself every play.

In my mind, Hannah is indisputably "the best offensive lineman of all time," and just think, he probably hasn't even reached his prime. I thank him for giving us younger guys someone to look up to in a positive way.

DINO JOSIE
Offensive Tackle
John F. Kennedy Memorial High School
Seattle

DON'T HOLD THE MUSTARD

Sir:

Please tell Ronald MacDonald of the Mets' Triple A Tidewater Tides to take heart (SCORECARD, July 27). There are others with names that spark a riotous response from teammates and fans. If I'm not dogging it on the sandlots, I'm a hot dog. And lots of times I can't cut the mustard.

But the bottom line is that all this banter creates publicity, and any publicity is better than none.

Incidentally, I used to be a vendor at Three Rivers Stadium. Three guesses as to what I sold.

FRANK FERDER
Pittsburgh

Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to The Editor, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

Why is Heineken America's number one imported beer?



Taste.

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We make Now cigarettes. And we say that they're the lowest tar brand available.

We're aware, however, that we're not alone.

There are, in fact, quite a few cigarettes claiming to be the lowest. We can imagine how confusing and annoying this must be for the tar conscious smoker.

So we've done something to clear up the confusion. We've put all the tar numbers of all brands claiming to be lowest together in the chart below.

And the chart makes plain several interesting facts.

For instance, Now Soft Pack 100s contain less than half as much tar as Carlton Soft Pack 100s.

Now Box 100s is by far the lowest in tar of all 100mm cigarettes.

And no cigarette is lower in tar than Now.

So if you want the Ultra Lowest Tar™ brand, there's no confusion.

It's here. And it's Now.



Box

Box 100s

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	80's box	85's soft pack	100's box	100's soft pack
NOW	Less than 0.01mg	1mg	Less than 0.01mg	2mg
CARLTON	Less than 0.01mg	1mg*	1mg	5mg
CAMBRIDGE	0.1mg	1mg	—	4mg
BARCLAY	1mg	1mg	—	3mg

All tar numbers are av. per cigarette by FTC method except the one asterisked (*) which is av. per cigarette by FTC Report May '81

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The lowest in tar of all brands.

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av. per cigarette by FTC method